THE NATION

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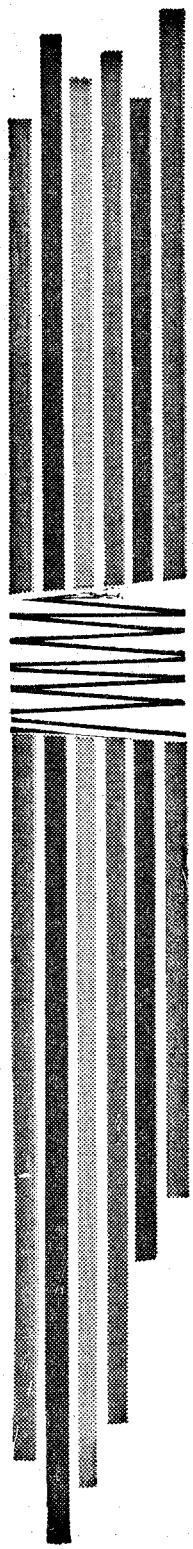

The Perilous Gift

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Anger Without Focus

The Canadian Elections

Mark Gayn

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LETTERS

That big 5%

New York City

Dear Sirs: Though I rarely have any quarrel with your editorial policy, I feel constrained to comment on your editorial, "Shelve It!" in the issue of March 16. You state that the reduction in tax rate for corporations will only make a difference "if a corporation is so large and wealthy that 5 per cent runs into millions or tens of millions."

As vice president and partial owner of a small corporation, I feel that I am perhaps qualified to disagree with your views. Sechoir, Inc., was formed in 1959 and needs capital for growth and expansion. Yet as soon as it begins to make any tangible profit at all, the government will take away 52 per cent. We could expand more rapidly if we were permitted to retain the extra 5 per cent of all our so-called "excess profits."

Joseph A. Chubb

Disdaining peace

Rego Park, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: In his article in the March 16 issue of *The Nation*, Desmond Stewart, writing from Cairo on "Kassem's Legacy," said that Israel must "come to terms" with the new Arab nationalism if it is to survive in any form in the Arab world. Mr. Stewart's article would have been more complete and meaningful if he had pointed out that over the years Israel has repeatedly extended the olive branch and requested direct peace talks, but the only replies from its Arab neighbors have been constant and unending cries for Israel's destruction.

Mortimer J. Kroll

Black Muslims

Plainview, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: Your editorial in the April 6 issue, "The Negro Racists," seems to me to be misinterpreting the central issue of black nationalism. The question is not whether the Muslims see no difference between the bigoted, Southern co-ed and the white Freedom Rider, but rather one of what is going to resolve the intolerable situation which confronts the American Negro.

The Muslims point out (see Essiem Udom's scholarly *Black Nationalism*) that there exists perhaps a greater schism between the black masses and the Negro middle-class leadership (as represented by NAACP, the Urban League, et al.), than there is between this same leadership and the white society. This is the heart of the matter. Black Nationalism is aimed at those low on the economic and social ladder. It represents the first successful attempt in the history of the American Negro to give the black man the opportunity to feel a sense of dignity, self-worth and identity. To achieve this purpose, he must break away from conventions and clichés, among them that mythical and elusive "equality of races." Where has it gotten him in one hundred years?

Please note that I speak not of the Wilkinses, Bunches and Jackie Robinsons; I refer to the poor Southern Negro, the ghetto-confined Harlem Negro and the slum-dweller of Chicago, to whom the aims of the NAACP have no meaning. Either he is too far removed from them, or they from him. The Muslims capitalize on this and move in with a concrete, meaningful program. The movement succeeded in turning criminal activity into industrial pursuits, in elimination of drunkenness, prostitution and dope addiction, and in improving the economic standard of living of its members. . . .

I am sure that Adam Clayton Powell is open to criticism in many areas, but I do not think that you can make a case against him on the strength of your editorial. I continue to be amazed (and perhaps I shouldn't be) by the bad press and by the false and half-true statements to which black nationalism is subjected. I am not a Black Muslim (I am not even black, for that matter), but I feel that one should attempt to understand the movement in its entirety before condemning it with the infamous label of "racism."

Jerry Mahrer

Sacco-Vanzetti

Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Sirs: Again you have the appreciation and thanks of the friends of Sacco and Vanzetti for your article, "Sacco-Vanzetti: The Missing Fingerprints," by Fred J. Cook, in your Dec. 22, 1962, issue. There has been so much exploitation of the case by Left, Right and Center, that I hesitate to write anything more about it. But I must add, from my own knowledge, a few facts.

Anything that Carlo Tresca may have said regarding his idea of the guilt or innocence of Sacco was based upon his relationship with Fred Moore. It was Tresca who brought Moore into the case in August of 1920. When Moore was discharged as counsel for Sacco and Vanzetti in October, 1924, he left in extreme anger. He blamed Sacco, for Sacco had been violently opposed to him; but Vanzetti also told me on several occasions, "If we do go to the electric chair, we can thank Fred Moore."

Now as to the "fatal bullet" that killed Berardelli, which was said to have been fired by Sacco's gun. George Branting, an eminent Swedish lawyer, was commissioned in May of 1927 by the labor movement of Sweden to come to America to find out everything possible about the case. In addition to the

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Peace on Earth

A strange misreading of Scripture has persisted for several decades. Every Christmas, the press plugs the slogan, "Peace on earth and good will towards men." But that is not how the Scriptures has it. The original rendering was: *Peace on earth to men of good will.* Who else has earned peace? How can there be peace without good will as a prerequisite? This phrasing makes sense; the other is as speciously sentimental as the products of Tin Pan Alley.

Pope John XXIII's encyclical, *Pacem in Terris* (Peace on Earth) is addressed to "all men of good will." All: not only Catholics, some of whom have the precious gift of love for their fellow men, some of whom do not. "Universal peace," the Pontiff writes, "is a good which interests everybody without distinction. To everybody, therefore, we have opened our soul." Everybody: Catholic, non-Catholic, believers and nonbelievers alike.

It is the kind of message which befits the most liberal and earnestly religious Pope of this century. It echoes the yearnings of human beings everywhere. Whether the statesmen will dismiss it as the well-meaning declaration of one who has no atomic bombs at his command — that remains to be seen. Judging by past reaction, it will not dissuade them from redoubled efforts in the nuclear-arms race. And it may be that the peoples, though they desire peace, will continue to follow without question the leaders who are leading them on the way to annihilation. Still, this Easter season has not been allowed to pass without a message of hope and passion, and that it comes from a man in his eighties should be heartening to young and old alike.

Rehabilitation?

The atmosphere generated by the late Senator McCarthy caught up in 1954 with J. Robert Oppenheimer, one of the most accomplished scientists of his generation. The Atomic Energy Commission, with the help of Edward Teller and the acquiescence of General Eisenhower, adjudged Oppenheimer to be a security risk. One AEC member went further: he impugned the scientist's loyalty. In that season of fear, few came to the victim's defense.

Is the season of fear over? Is McCarthyism dead? Anyone who thinks so should scrutinize the manner and timing of Oppenheimer's "rehabilitation." Anyone who feels General Eisenhower was unduly timorous should appraise the circuitous strategy of his successor in what should have been a straightforward reversal of a gross injustice. McCarthy is dead, but his ghost still walks.

The pressures for Oppenheimer's rehabilitation came from the scientific community and from Loren K. Olson, general counsel to the AEC and later a member. Senator Clinton P. Anderson (D., N.M.) and a number of other men also played an influential role. John W. Finney in *The New York Times* (April 5) gives a definitive account. When Olson reviewed the case in 1958, he concluded (the words are Finney's, but the findings are Olson's) that it "was a messy record from a legal standpoint, that the charges kept shifting at each level of the proceedings, that the evidence was stale and consisted of information that was twelve years old and was known when a security clearance was granted during World War II and that it was a punitive, personal abuse of the judicial system." If anything could be more damning, it was that though practically everyone agreed from 1960 on that all this was so, little was done about it until October, 1961, when the Federation of American Scientists urged the AEC to review the case. Action then proceeded with the speed of a duck swimming in a barrel of molasses. The Kennedy Administration feared to act until after last fall's elections. However, in April, 1962, President Kennedy sent up a trial balloon to test public reaction by inviting Dr. Oppenheimer to a White House dinner with forty-eight other Nobel Prize-winners. The election safely concluded, further steps were taken within the AEC and other offices, and it was decided to give the Fermi award to the "security risk," in the hope that this compromise might let sleeping dogs lie.

Whether it will or not remains to be seen, nor is this the point. The point is that a shabby thing was done and it cannot be corrected in this sleazy and roundabout way. No guilt or odium should attach to Oppenheimer because he opposed the development of the hydrogen bomb or, to go back further, because he associated socially with Communists at a time when practically everyone, including Franklin D. Roosevelt, did so. Oppenheimer needs no reward for his part in developing the atomic bomb or, what was added as an afterthought, the peaceful uses of atomic energy. Nor does he particularly need to have the record corrected and the entire proceeding acknowledged to be what it was — an unconscionable abuse of governmental power. Oppenheimer does not need it, but the rest of us do. From his point of view, he might have been better advised if he had declined to accept the award.

What To Do with Othello?

The problem of the retired officer has always been acute after a war. It is somewhat like retraining a police dog who has been brainwashed into biting people. Now, however, the problem is chronic. In a shooting war, a lot of the officers get killed, but in an open-end war casualties, in proportion to the numbers engaged, are negligible. On top of that, grades are higher; where once a competent, even brilliant, officer

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might vegetate for twenty years as a captain, now he is very likely to have two stars, rather than two bars. To make things more difficult, they retire earlier. The resulting complications have come to a head in Coronado, California, to such an extent as to warrant a lengthy treatment in *Newsweek* (April 15).

Coronado is a high-toned peninsula in San Diego Bay. Except for the northern half, which is occupied by the naval air station, it is a kind of permanent resort town with almost perpetual sunshine, where retired naval and marine officers spend their retirement years fishing, yachting, golfing, reminiscing and drinking. But these diversions have a low satiation threshold and when boredom sets in, the more energetic retired officers tend to go in for politics. Coronado is believed to have the largest percentage of John Birch Society members — not to speak of fellow travelers — in the United States. Nothing much is right in the world, and all that is wrong is ascribed to communism and its twin brother, socialism. Thus one general (U.S.M.C., Ret.), who explains that he is not a member of the society, but only 98 per cent convinced, believes that President Kennedy is a Fabian Socialist and wants to see him impeached. He favors an immediate invasion of Cuba — by the Marines, naturally, which would give him something to do. It goes without saying that the impeachment of Earl Warren is a unanimous demand in this milieu. Whatever energy is left over goes into the crusade against Polish ham, public officials who are suspected of harboring liberal ideas, social security and the like.

Attempts have been made to psychologize the military Birchites and perhaps to ameliorate their lot, but explanation is easier than therapy. Dr. Melvin Crain, a professor at San Diego State College, theorizes: "These people have been living in a kind of authoritarian world, with maximum prestige and status. When retired, they find themselves thrust into a democratic society which brutally levels them. They seek a scapegoat and turn to Communists whom they define as virtually anybody who disagrees with them." Rear Admiral Paul Dugan, (Ret.), a moderate, voices somewhat similar views. He suggests that the extremists "were shielded by the Navy from the human race in their education and in their careers."

The ex-officers seem to have civilian Coronado both scared and resentful. Some of their fellow citizens may regret Representative F. Edward Hébert's (D., La.) exposure of the influx of retired officers into the aerospace industry. Perhaps the bars should be let down for hardship cases. The nation owes something to its retired heroes, who, barring a world war which would restore them to duty, are left without the heroism which still boils within them.

Not So Daffy

The Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner* (April 7) finds itself puzzled. With Los Angeles employment at a record 2.9 million, it would seem that there should be general rejoicing. What ecstasy to live in the Southland when spring is here and almost 3 million Angelenos are enjoying the right to work! Nor is this a static situation. The Chamber of Commerce reports that 120,000 new jobs have been generated in this most fortunate of cities in each of the last two years. That makes almost a quarter of a million jobs. Yet, almost incomprehensibly, 200,000 Angelenos do not share in the general prosperity. It seems daffy, the *Herald-Examiner* remarks. To find work for the currently unemployed and to keep up with the population influx, the newspaper estimates that *1 million* new jobs will be needed by 1970. That will require a rate of economic growth at least double the current one. Where is it to come from?

The development of new industries, according to William McChesney Martin, the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, is the key to our economic problems. New industries are created by research and development. Of that we have aplenty, but it is concentrated in the armament industries. The publicists have been assuring us that "fallout" from military research would create new civilian industries and provide employment for all. Only it hasn't worked out that way. The other day Donald Fink, drafted from a job as head of Philco's scientific laboratory to serve as general manager of the newly amalgamated Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers, said in a public speech that civilian industry is almost at a standstill in this matter of beneficial fallout from the military-industrial complex. The R & D remains where it originated, and the new industries for which Mr. Martin longs are stillborn, if they are conceived at all.

As long as public works are anathema, as long as welfare spending is denounced while "defense" spending is lauded to the skies, as long as the Soviet buyers' market is untapped, the United States will have pockets of unemployment. And the pockets will spread. The truth is being demonstrated that a country cannot enrich itself by making the means of destruction its foremost industry.

Telstar and the Taxpayer

Last summer a handful of legislators fought vigorously to block the Administration's giveaway of Telstar and all its progeny to private enterprise (principally A.T. & T.). They believed, quite simply, that the profits of a communications-satellite system should go to those who underwrote its cost—in this case, the American taxpayer, whose investment in space research and development is in excess of $25 billion. Moreover, as Senator Estes Kefauver (D., Tenn.) and Congressman William Fitts Ryan (D., N.Y.) warned, the bill that Congress was being asked to approve would not only assure private enterprise of the profits of operation, but would make the taxpayer pay for the further research and development needed.

Under the adroit floor leadership of Senator John O. Pastore (D., R.I.), the Administration's communications-satellite bill was approved, and since then the operating corporation called for by the measure has been created. What is happening now is that Kefauver,

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Ryan and their supporters in the original fight are receiving confirmation of their worst fears. And, ironically, it is Senator Pastore himself who first proved them right. Last February, during hearings by the Subcommittee on Communications of the Senate Committee on Commerce, the Rhode Island Senator asked Hugh L. Dryden, Deputy Administrator of NASA: "Having made [the] decision . . . to afford private enterprise the opportunity to come into this field under a monopolistic venture . . . why is it necessary to use taxpayers' dollars on further satellite research?" Mr. Dryden could think of nothing better to say than "Without government participation, such a system would be delayed for very many years." Whereupon Senator A. S. Mike Monroney (D., Okla.) swiftly answered: "This is just the reverse of why I voted for the Telstar bill. I felt private industry would have more flexibility, greater speed, more initiative, greater risk-taking than the government. Now you tell us that this is going to sit back and be a paper corporation while the government does all of the shots." Of course, the achievement of more flexibility, greater speed and increased initiative was the Administration's original argument in behalf of the giveaway.

Recently Congressman Ryan noted that NASA's budget for communications-satellite research and development has risen from $43,715,000 for fiscal year 1963 to $51,100,000 for fiscal year 1964. The Congressman pressed NASA to come up with plans for the Satellite-Communications Corporation to pay back to the Treasury the vast sums the taxpayers are being asked to contribute to private profit. So far NASA has done nothing more than to send a letter to the corporation suggesting a "conference" on matters of "common interest." Will the taxpayer's burden be considered a matter of "common interest"?

Very Educational

The Bonn government has put into American distribution a half-hour propaganda film entitled *A People and Its State* that divulges more, it is safe to say, than its producers intended. Purporting to be a history of postwar Germany until about 1959, the film begins with a plea for reunification. Now reunification, in anyone's language except, apparently, the German's, simply means the reuniting of East and West Germany. In this instance a map accompanies the plea, and what is shown is not Germany as it is divided today, but the Germany with which Hitler started World War II in 1939 — including East Prussia, Pomerania and other eastern territories that are no longer under the sovereignty of Germany, East or West. This is not "reunification"; it is irredentism of precisely the kind that the Soviet bloc, with such annoying persistence, has been charging against our Bonn ally. Early footage in the film shows bombed-out Berlin at war's end, and hungry Germans waiting to be fed. This sequence will no doubt be viewed with great sympathy by the survivors of Warsaw, Coventry, Lidice and Rotterdam, not to mention Auschwitz, especially as the commentary has nothing more to say about Germany's postwar misery except to ascribe it to the "ill-guided" policy of its then government. This is the closest the film comes to mentioning Hitler.

The picture is profuse in acknowledging thanks to its former Western enemies, and particularly the United States, for help in the creation of the present "democratic" Federal Republic. Democracy, in the conception of the film's producers, seems to mean any form of government to which there is no audible opposition. That Adenauer should loom large in a film sponsored by his administration is quite natural; but, watching it, one would never dream that *Der Alte* has any opposition; or that he became Chancellor, in the first place, by a majority of one vote, the decisive vote having been his own. The picture fails to mention even the existence of a Social Democratic Party, which should prove pleasant news to German Social Democrats, who today command very close to half the country's voting strength and whose taxes paid for a proportionate part of the film's total cost.

A People and Its State is scheduled for showing on some American educational TV stations. For those who can see more than the frames show, and who can hear more than the commentator says, it will prove very educational indeed.

THE CANADIAN ELECTIONS . . . . . Mark Gayn

Toronto

It had been a strange, rowdy, expensive, emotional, bruising campaign, with gimmickry and false appeals. Party strategists toyed with "truth squads" and "coloring books," and borrowed freely from Harry Truman, Theodore White and even Ev and Charlie. In Halifax, a Liberal vote was bought with $5; in Quebec, the Social Crediters promised a $100 bonus "if we win," and the Liberals countered it with the more immediate $10 bill; in Toronto, canny property owners collected $10 for the right to put up Conservative posters on their lawns; and in the prairies the Conservatives made sure of the farm vote with a generous grain payment. Door-to-door canvassers complained about the voters' apathy, but political rallies in the Maple Leaf Forum here outdrew even the most exciting hockey games. The electorate was restless, secretive, demanding, undecided, prone to heckle savagely. Pundits wrote of a profound social revolution in progress — but no one was able to analyze it.

If any man dominated the scene, it was the Conservative leader, John Diefenbaker. An inept and indeci-

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sive policy-maker, he was a superb politician with a sense of drama, an uncanny feeling for the sentimental vein in his public and the voice-of-doom delivery of a Bible Belt preacher. Early in the campaign, there were successive "palace plots" to force him out of party leadership. At one caucus he was offered the post of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court if he would only quit. At another point, some mighty politicians went to work trying to organize a new party that would swallow the Conservatives. A platoon of Diefenbaker's key ministers walked out on him. He fought on, almost alone. As one cynic put it, he sought to "float back to power on a flood of tears" — tears of sympathy shed as he told his oversized audiences that "nobody's for me but the people."

By contrast, the Liberal leader seemed pale. Lester Pearson had been a distinguished diplomat and president of the United Nations Assembly. He won the Nobel Peace Prize. But he inspired no hero worship, seemed ill at ease with the crowds and made a conscious effort to change his image to that of a Man of Decision. Having failed to reach the tear ducts of the public, he tried to work on their apparent hunger for stability. The cry was "Pearson or Paralysis," as once it was "(William Mackenzie) King or Chaos."

The clichés, the slogans, the emotional platitudes helped to obscure the fact that this was one of the most crucial elections in Canadian history, and that momentous issues were involved. For six years, the nation's economy had lain stagnant, with the rate of growth averaging less than 2 per cent. Unemployment had become a cancer, chronic and growing, with 545,000 men and women idle at the last count (8.4 per cent of the labor force). A fierce debate on nuclear arms divided the nation. French Canada was seething with resentful protest that found a harsh voice in the extreme and know-nothing Social Credit movement.

This was the stage, the plot and the main actors. And when the curtain fell early on Tuesday of last week, and the votes had been counted, it had become clear that neither actor had won the entire audience. For the second time in ten months, Canada found herself with a Parliament in which no party held a majority. The Liberals fell a few seats short of the magic formula of half-the-seats-plus-one in a House with 265 members. The Conservatives (who governed with a minority when ousted in February) dropped to 96 seats. The balance was divided between the Socialist New Democratic Party (17) and the Rightist Social Crediters (24). The soldiers' vote may yet change the balance slightly, but at this point it looks as if Pearson would have to have a working arrangement with the Socialists.

The election was fought in the shadow of the United States. Diefenbaker chose to base his campaign on anti-Americanism. In tones of a Biblical prophet fighting iniquity, he thundered against "powerful interests" and "anonymous incognitos" south of the border who were plotting his downfall. His appeals brought echoes. It was not Cuba, but Canada, where a speaker could be heckled with the shouts, "Yankee lover!" and "the blankety-blank Yankees are out to get us!" And Diefenbaker's prairie accents were matched by the French accents of rural Quebec, where the demagogues inveighed against the "American high-finance sharks."

By contrast, Pearson took the pro-American line. He vowed to accept without delay the nuclear warheads proffered by the Americans, and insisted that a feud with the neighbor made no sense. ("We must keep on the best possible terms with the United States. Without them, where would we be in the struggle for peace and security in the world?") This took courage, for there is a streak of emotional anti-Americanism in the Canadian psyche.

Toronto Star

"Somebody up there doesn't like us!"

In the end, Pearson (who studied his Gallup Polls) proved more right than Diefenbaker. As Gallup surprisingly forecast, more Canadians than not were shown to be in favor of accepting U.S. nuclear warheads. Gallup was also vindicated in suggesting that, in a showdown, Canadians recoil from the inanity of anti-Americanism.

It was neither his advocacy of nuclear weapons nor his pro-Americanism, however, that gained the edge for Pearson. It was rather his last-minute slogan of "We cannot afford another unstable government." Since 1957, the Canadians had twice toyed with minority governments. Now it looked as if a third one was in store, and dread of it dominated the last few days of the campaign. A minority government meant more indecision, more bickering and stop-gap legislation, another chance for the Social Credit rabble-rousers from the Quebec countryside to do mischief on Parliament Hill. In the last seventy-two hours of the campaign, this dread led vast numbers of voters to cross the party lines into the Liberal camp. Desertions all but wiped out Conservative representation in the great cities. In Toronto, it led to the defeat of David Lewis, Rhodes scholar, leading labor lawyer and deputy leader of the New Democratic Party. I saw people weep when his defeat became apparent.

The upheaval was not enough to give Pearson control of the House. But it was enough to play havoc with the political patterns. Routed from the cities (and deserted by its moneyed angels), the Conservative Party became largely the party of the English-speaking prairie farmers. "Honest John" was their boy. But even more they loved him because for three years running he had sold vast quantities of their grain to Peking. Mao Tse-tung the Marxist and Diefenbaker the church-going lawyer from Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, formed one of the oddest alliances of our day.

The Conservatives left behind them a niche in the cities — and moneyed men in search of a party. Here, the Liberals took over, even to the point of becoming small-c conservatives. (A strong wing within the Liberal Party, however, can

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be expected to do battle to bring it back to its small-l liberal ways.)

One more thing the Liberals did: in rural Quebec the Social Crediters, led by a French Canadian agitator named Real Caouette, lost six seats in a campaign in which Caouette hoped to gain thirty-four—and to become deputy prime minister.

Even though the Socialist New Democratic Party kept the million votes it gained in the 1962 election, it was hurt too. The unions, on whose support much hope was pinned, failed to deliver the labor vote. And "Tommy" Douglas, the former Baptist minister and fighting cock of a Socialist who for a generation headed the government of Saskatchewan, somehow failed to ignite hearts as a national leader. The question now is how much the Liberals will need his support — and how much they will pay for it in terms of social-welfare legislation.

Mr. Pearson and his probable Finance Minister (the distinguished Toronto economist, Walter Gordon) have a six-point prescription for restoring the nation's economic health. But the prescription can only be of limited value. Canada is the world's fourth largest exporter, and her health depends on the health of her markets. This is especially true of the United States. If the economy south of the border remains sluggish, it can hardly boom north of it.

If this election has proved anything, it is that Washington must re-examine its attitude towards Canada. It has acted with a clumsiness and lack of tact that have made America's friends here grit their teeth in despair. It never liked Diefenbaker. But if Pearson comes to power, Washington can count on a friendly government in Ottawa. Moscow to the contrary, though, this will not be a subservient regime. Washington will have to adapt its attitudes to the trading needs of Canada — whether in her wheat sales to Peking or chick sales to Cuba. It will have to open its borders to a heavier flow of Canadian goods. It will have to accept some form of Canadian control over the American investments. And it will have to work jointly with Ottawa in breaking tariff walls abroad. Such cooperation will not hurt the Americans at all. And perhaps it might help to erase the scars left by this cruel and crucial election.

Charity Begins at Home

Foundations as a Tax Dodge . . . . Fred J. Cook

A one-man Congressional probe into the functions of tax-exempt and supposedly charitable foundations has raised such a host of specters that official Washington is shying from their implications like a skittish horse. This aversion may perhaps have some relation to the power of the forces involved in a couple of the cardinal implications. For example: There is strong documentation for the contention that foundations, exempted from paying millions of dollars in taxes so that the money can go into charitable works, are in many instances hoarding and investing their funds, acting like holding companies of the 1920s as they exercise covert control over some of America's greatest corporations. And there are well-substantiated instances in which tax-exempt funds have been used to propagandize the American public for radical-Right causes.

The man who is responsible for stirring up this unsavory stew is Rep. Wright Patman, a Texas Democrat, plump, spectacled, benign of expression—and an ardent champion of the small businessman. A veteran of thirty-four years in Congress and chairman of the House Select Committee on Small Business, Patman last year took out on his own in a probe of the activities of tax-exempt foundations—"giants with tax umbrellas," he calls some of them. He subsequently got his committee to authorize the probe he had already started, and so far, to the accompaniment of many bleats of protest, he has dragged the committee after him in his determination to study what happens when millions of dollars are freed from the normal attrition of taxes and placed in the hands of virtually unregulated foundations that become a law and a power entirely unto themselves.

Neither Patman nor anyone else denies that the original foundation idea was a lofty one or that many foundations, when they adhered to the charitable purposes for which they were created, have been expressive of the finest traditions of American idealism. They have financed advances in education, in medicine, in science; they have done inestimable good. But in many cases they have used their special tax-exempt privileges and their hoarded millions for ends that bear not the faintest resemblance to charity.

Let's take an outstanding example of the manner in which the American public, which must pay heavier taxes to make up for those the foundations do not pay, finances its own brainwashing at the hands of foundations dedicated to spreading the fantasies of the ultra-Right.

In 1940 there was incorporated in Indiana an organization known as the National Foundation for Education in American Citizenship (NFEAC). Its purposes sounded appropriately lofty—"To make better known the American way of life among adults, college, high school and elementary school children by grants to writers of books, pamphlets, and addresses dealing with the American theme; by fostering observation of patriotic holidays; by bringing outstanding speakers on education and political subjects."

Much of the original financing was supplied by J. K. Lilly, a scion of the drug firm of Eli Lilly & Co., long a supporter of right-wing causes, as the Buchanan committee's investigation of corporate lobbying showed in 1950. At that time, it was disclosed that Eli Lilly & Co.

Fred J. Cook, author of many important special articles for The Nation, *is the author of* The Warfare State *and other books.*

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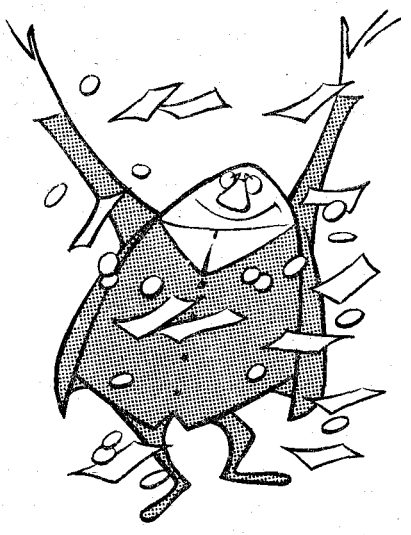

had contributed $25,000 to the hard-Right Committee for Constitutional Government, which has disseminated literature frowning on the forty-hour week, collective bargaining and Social Security and other welfare legislation.

Contributions that a corporation makes to such propaganda and lobbying fronts may be questionable enough, but the questions are compounded when the foundation device is used as a tax-escape hatch for the same propagandistic endeavors. What happened to the money funneled into the NFEAC by Lilly and other arch-conservative interests? The records are incomplete, but such as they are, they show that more than 88 per cent of it went to finance *Human Events*, a weekly ultra-Right sheet that, because of its propagandistic nature, could not possibly qualify for tax exemption.

There is nothing to indicate what the NFEAC did with its funds in the first ten years of its existence. Internal Revenue records for those years have been destroyed, and so the available reports begin with 1951. Even these are incomplete: there is a four-year blank from 1954 through 1957. (As Congressman Patman has noted in one of his more acid observations: "Uneducated sharecroppers are presumed to know the law, but many of the foundations under study and their well-paid, well-educated advisers are apparently exempt from this ancient presumption—in practice, if not as a matter of strict law.") The gap means that Internal Revenue can account for NFEAC's financial activities in only seven of the last eleven years. This accounting shows that, for those years, the foundation had at its disposal funds totaling $414,835; that it spent $379,790; and that, of this amount, $232,310—more than 88 per cent of all non-administrative expenditures—went to *Human Events*. From 1958 through 1961, the figure was 95 to 98 per cent. Typical was 1958, when the foundation contributed $5 to the New York Department of Social Welfare—and $47,360 to *Human Events*.

Stark as such figures are, they tell only part of the story. Returns filed by the foundation with the Secretary of State of Indiana do not agree in all respects with those filed with Internal Revenue. The most glaring discrepancy occurred in 1961, when the foundation reported to Internal Revenue that it had contributed $45,038 to *Human Events*—and to the State of Indiana that it had contributed $72,408. In all, the Indiana returns for 1957 and 1962 increase the figures available from Internal Revenue to show that, in the last six years, the foundation bankrolled *Human Events* to the extent of $329,661.

The prolonged love affair between the NFEAC and *Human Events* is a liaison, however, that exposes more than itself. It opens a window on a whole nest of ultra-Right activities that are financed to a great extent with tax-exempt, foundation funds. For instance, Felix Morley, one of the early directors of NFEAC and a former president of *Human Events*, has since become secretary of Admiral Ben Moreell's Americans for Constitutional Action, whose *Voting Record Index* interpreting the actions of Congressmen is the bible of the radical Right. The index, which achieved its greatest notoriety when it was disclosed that Birchite Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Walker was using it to indoctrinate his troops in Germany, is compiled and distributed by *Human Events*.

Human Events has also had a close relationship with the Life Line Foundation, the creation of Texas oil billionaire H. L. Hunt. Until recently, the two organizations shared the same Washington headquarters. Life Line Foundation was established in 1958 by the simple process of amending the corporate charter of Facts Forum, Hunt's original right-wing propaganda package, into which he had poured some $219,000 (tax exempt). Life Line Foundation, featuring the daily radio program of suave preacher-commentator, the Rev. Wayne Poucher, combines religion and patriotism with right-wing doctrine in a heady mixture that is carried by more than 200 radio stations in twenty-eight states. (See "The Ultras," *The Nation*, June 30, 1962.)

Such weddings of foundation-interests are to be found throughout the entire NFEAC-*Human Events* relationship. Even incomplete records (NFEAC, despite laws to the contrary, never listed its contributors) show how foundations contributed to foundations so that the money, passing from one tax-exempt institution to another, finally wound up in the coffers of non-tax-exempt *Human Events*. The linkage tells its own significant story.

Take, for example, the Texas Educational Association, headed by George Van Horn Moseley, who has been characterized as a nationalistic propagandist, and George W. Armstrong, Jr., an editorial adviser to the Birch Society magazine and an endorser of the Manion Forum. This Texas organization sent $900 a year in 1960 and 1961 to NFEAC, mailing its contribution directly to 408 First Street, S.E., Washington, D.C., the address of *Human Events*—a deed, it would seem, that recognized that the foundation and its shadow were one. Other foundations similarly channeled money into *Human Events* through the intermediary of tax-exempt NFEAC. In 1956, 1957 and 1958, the Deering Milliken Foundation, of New York, supported by certain textile interests, funneled $1,500 a year into NFEAC.

In 1952, the William Volker Fund, of Burlingame, Calif., contributed $5,000 to NFEAC, a donation apparently earmarked specifically for *Human Events*. The Volker Fund, incorporated in Missouri in 1932 with the proceeds of a home-furnishing business, has been a large and influential promoter of right-wing causes. In 1957 alone, it made grants of $823,099, including one of $3,000 to Felix Morley. Other recipients in that year were the American Enterprise Association, which received $5,000, and the Foundation for Economic Education, which got $10,000.

The Foundation for Economic Education, another far-Right tub-

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thumper that is supported by tax-free funds largely contributed by big corporations, publishes *The Freeman*, which touts itself as a "nonpolitical, nonprofit educational champion of private property." Both *The Freeman* and its parent foundation had been favorites of NFEAC. In fact, the second largest "charity" contribution NFEAC ever made, outside of its annual bequests to *Human Events*, was a 1953 donation of $7,935 to *The Freeman*.

Such cross-ties and proliferating bequests that water right-wing propaganda causes are obviously a far cry from the law's definition of a tax-exempt charity as any group "organized and operated *exclusively* for religious, charitable, scientific, literary or educational purposes or for the prevention of cruelty to children or animals."

It is ironical that, to date, virtually the only outcry that has ever been raised against the foundations for perverting "charity" into propaganda came after the Ford Foundation, in 1953, set up The Fund for the Republic with a $15 million fund to do battle for our "constitutional liberties," which were then being shot full of holes by the McCarthyites. The conservative press howled with alarm, and there was much gnashing of teeth and many dire threats about imposing curbs on foundations because they were becoming a Red menace to the Republic. Even today The Fund for the Republic is frequently flaunted as an example of the "left-wing" foundation menace, but the silence of the grave shrouds the much more prolific abuse by the powerful complex of right-wing foundations. Behind this screen of secrecy and silence, however, doubtless lies the reason why, despite all the agitation about The Fund for the Republic, no real action has ever been initiated to curb foundation propagandizing. The radical Right has too vital a stake in the brainwashing process.

The power and influence that protect such right-wing propagandizing are perhaps best illustrated by the caution with which Internal Revenue has acted. Although Internal Revenue (on the basis of such reports as were available to it) had been put on notice as early as 1951 that 40 per cent of the contributions of the National Foundation for Education in American Citizenship were then going into *Human Events*, no action was taken for more than a decade. Not until late 1962, when some Congressmen began to question the propriety of continuing this tax-exempt charity, did Internal Revenue move. Then, on October 10, 1962, it announced quietly that it was revoking NFEAC's tax-exempt status; but it refused to make public the results of its findings or its plans—if any—for invoking penalties.

A comparably gingerly approach has marked Internal Revenue's dealings with the tax-exempt National Education Program set up by Dr. George S. Benson at Harding College in Searcy, Ark. The program, which was granted tax-exempt status in 1954, has been widely recognized as the brain trust of the ultra-Right. The controversial and distorted film *Communism on the Map* was one of its more notable products. Details about N.E.P.'s finances have remained somewhat obscure, however, because, according to Internal Revenue, none of the required forms had been filed from 1954 to 1961. But Internal Revenue acknowledged frankly that nobody had ever been punished for failure to live up to requirements of the Foundation Act, which provides for strict accounting of contributions and the use to which they are put.

Such laxity in enforcement has stirred the ire of Patman. In a report to Congress on Dec. 31, 1962, he remarked: "Numerous foundations have taken advantage of the nonfunctioning bureaucracy of the Treasury Department on an almost wholesale scale, as though their acts and omissions were legally beyond scrutiny."

Patman also lashed out at what he called the foundations' brainwashing activities. He noted that the Ford Foundation and the Howard Hughes Medical Institute and its subsidiary, Hughes Aircraft, had paid out $931,441 over a period of years to two public-relations outfits, Newmyer Associates, of Washington, D.C., and Carl Byoir & Associates, of New York. He commented that both outfits "are specialists in (1) creating a favorable image for clients of great wealth, (2) the formulation of public opinion, and (3) promoting personal causes." The Congressman then cited a number of other specific examples of "contributions which I have difficulty relating to charitable causes."

> *As I see it* [Patman wrote in his report], *our citizens should not be forced to contribute their share of taxes in order to pay for the upkeep of these types of operations. They have enough of a load without carrying foundations that engage in brainwashing activities. Every foundation tax exemption throws upon the people-at-large a larger proportion of the tax burden than they ought to bear. Moreover, they create a special privileged class of millionaires who prefer to unload huge funds and property in foundations rather than building new houses and factories.*

The Patman report is studded with examples of the manner in which the foundation device has been used not so much to aid charitable causes as to escape taxes and concentrate wealth. Though foundation laws and regulations presuppose that income will be spent for charity, Patman's researches indicate that literally billions of dollars are being squirreled away in the foundation tax shelter, a constantly increasing hoard that wields potent influence in the stock market and dominates the lives of major corporations.

It should be emphasized that Patman's findings are based upon a limited survey only. His staff examined in detail the available tax returns and records of a mere 534 foundations out of a total of 45,124 known to exist. And there are probably thousands more, for Patman's researchers turned up examples of foundations that had operated on a tax-exempt basis for years (in one

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case for nearly thirty-five years) before even bothering to seek Treasury approval of their deeds and status.

On the basis, then, of this minute but significant sampling, Patman reported that, in 1960, the 534 foundations examined had incomes of slightly more than $1 billion ($1,034,710,518)—a figure that was almost 20 per cent larger than the $864,435,000 earned, after taxes, by "the fifty largest banks in the United States."

Such a figure indicates the economic power concentrated in foundation hands. Patman illustrates this with specific examples, of which one of the most graphic deals with the Rockefeller family and the complex of family foundations and major oil companies that these foundations influence or control. Patman reported:

At the close of 1960, seven Rockefeller-controlled foundations owned 7,891,567 shares of common stock of Standard Oil Company of New Jersey with a market value of $324,946,110. The same seven foundations owned 602,127 shares of the common stock of Socony Mobil Oil Co., with a market value of $23,610,770. Two Rockefeller foundations owned 306,013 shares of Continental Oil capital stock with a market value of $17,060,224 . . .; four Rockefeller foundations owned 468,135 shares of Ohio Oil common stock with a market value of $17,998,495; five Rockefeller foundations owned 1,256,305 shares of the common stock of Standard Oil Co. of Indiana with a market value of $59,736,991; and the Rockefeller Foundation, itself, owned 100,000 shares of capital stock of Union Tank Car Co. with a market value of $3,100,000.

If Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey) were to attain substantial ownership of its competitors, it would certainly tend to eliminate competition and again tend toward monopoly, and engage the Department of Justice in inquiry.

The use of a subterfuge—in the form of Rockefeller-controlled foundations—in effect produces the same result as if Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey) owned substantial stock interest in Continental Oil, Ohio Oil, Standard Oil Co. (Indiana), et al.

An even more graphic example of foundation control of business is contained in Patman's unraveling of the complicated snarl of the Howard Hughes enterprises. Hughes, one of the major manufacturers of military planes and hardware, originally owned all the stock of his key corporation, the Hughes Tool Company. On December 17, 1953, he incorporated the Howard Hughes Medical Institute, of Miami Beach, Fla., with the stated purpose of engaging "primarily" (not "exclusively" as the foundation tax law requires) in the promotion of medical research. On the same day that he set up this philanthropy, Hughes incorporated still a third wing of his enterprises, Hughes Aircraft, with the institute as its sole stockholder. There now began, according to Patman's report, a complicated series of transactions by which Toolco (the original corporation) contributed to Medical Institute all its patents, trademarks and good will. The Medical Institute then subleased these to Hughes Aircraft. Toolco, of course, claimed a tax deduction of $2 million as a reward for its generosity, yet as a matter of hard cash it is difficult to discern how a single screaming nickel had escaped from the control of Howard Hughes.

The Internal Revenue Service itself originally took this jaundiced view. In a ruling in November, 1955, it denied the tax-exemption application of the institute, ruling (in Patman's words) that "the whole setup was merely a device for siphoning off otherwise taxable income to an exempt organization, and accumulating that income." But then something happened. Medical Institute protested the ruling, and on March 1, 1957, Internal Revenue reversed itself and rewarded the institute with tax-exempt status. The result, according to Patman, is that $3,300,000 of earnings have piled up in the Institute on which no tax has been paid, and Toolco has gotten "a $2 million charity deduction that saved it over $1 million in tax."

But the end of this adventure in "philanthropy" is not yet. Patman found that, as a result of the complicated transactions by which Toolco passed its assets through the tax-exempt Medical Institute and on to Hughes Aircraft, there had been a significant write-up in value—a write-up that, it seemed, would boost the cost to Uncle Sam of the military hardware he would purchase in the future from Hughes Aircraft. Patman put it this way:

Through the lease and sublease, Aircraft wound up paying $15 million more in rent than Toolco would have had in depreciation and other charges for the leased assets if Toolco had stayed put. The $15 million will become a higher figure by the time the sublease expires. Aircraft has big contracts from the Government. Wasn't the effect of these transactions to step up costs on Government contracts for Aircraft by this $15 million?

The evil of lax enforcement of the present foundation tax laws (since Patman first protested, a program has been announced to step up inspection of foundation returns) is compounded by loopholes so huge that millionaires can wheel up trailer trucks, load aboard their loot and hie themselves off to the sanctuaries of family-controlled foundations. Patman, in a question-and-answer sequence with Commissioner Mortimer Caplin, highlighted some of the luscious possibilities. Let's ponder a few:

Q. In what way, if any, does the code prohibit a donor or testator from transferring the controlling stock of a business to a foundation and have it [the foundation] hold the stock in perpetuity with self-perpetuating directors or trustees voting the stock as they please?

A. The code does not in any way prohibit an arrangement of this sort.

Q. Does the code permit a board of trustees and officers of a foundation to be staffed by the founder, his family and associates?

A. Yes.

Q. May trustees and officers of foundations receive compensation?

A. They may receive compensation commensurate with the services rendered.

Q. Is a foundation prohibited from making purchases of securities or other property from the founder, officers or their families?

A. A foundation is not prohibited under the code from making purchases of securities or other property from the founder, officers or their families unless the transaction is of the type prohibited by section 503 of the code.

In comment on these answers, Patman wrote: "There seems to be almost no limit to what the foundations can do." He illustrates:

The variety of assets held by tax-exempt foundations is endless—everything from Russian rubles to race tracks to motion pictures. Loans to employees of the donor's private business, insurance policies on the life of the donor, mortgages, land, buildings, jewelry, art works—all are found in the collections of the foundations.

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Even annuities, Patman found, may be paid for out of foundation funds supposedly earmarked for charity.

The list of abuses that he details in his report is seemingly endless. During the period from 1951 to 1960, Patman found, his 534 minutely studied foundations paid out in grants only roughly 50 per cent of their aggregate receipts ($3.4 billion out of $6.9 billion). The slightly larger half went to swell the foundations' treasuries in what Patman considers an accumulation of income clearly prohibited by present laws. As a result, the 534 foundations wound up sitting on a pile of 10.2 billion tax-free dollars that, from all indications, were still growing as the foundations went on many fronts into competition with legitimate, tax-hampered businesses. According to Patman, many of the foundations committed some of these offenses:

•They gambled in the stock market, buying and selling like professional traders.

•They made multimillion-dollar loans, competing with banks and sometimes giving what appeared to be highly preferential rates of interest to the donor, the donor's friends or to businesses affiliated with other foundations with which friendly relations exist.

•They participated in proxy fights, one foundation sometimes swapping the shares in an issue it held for shares another foundation held to help out a big foundation mogul who was attempting to gather enough voting muscle to take over another corporation.

•On occasion, they lent the heirs of donors sufficient millions to settle estate and inheritance taxes.

•They ran restaurants, invested in real estate, built and leased gas stations, conducted research agencies in direct competition with private investors and private businesses that did not have the benefit of tax-escape privileges. Not generally known, but perhaps of interest, is the fact that RAND, the Air Force's favorite "think" factory, is a tax-exempt foundation with a reported gross income in 1961 of $17,465,215.37 and no detailed itemization of how its money was spent.

Such is the extent of foundation influence. Patman contends the foundations "possess the money and competitive advantages to eliminate the small businessman," and he has called on the Treasury Department to declare a moratorium on the granting of any more tax exemptions until Congress can weigh the problem and pass more stringent rules. Patman himself thinks that foundations should be sharply restricted as to the amount of stock they are permitted to hold in any one corporation, and that they should be limited to a life of twenty-five years—that they should be compelled, within that time, to dispense their funds in the charitable causes for which they were created and so liquidate themselves. He asks:

> *How can the Treasury Department possibly justify continuing to wring heavy taxes out of the farmer, the worker and the small businessman, knowing that people of large means are building one foundation after another and—for all the Treasury knows—for the purpose of decreasing their taxes, eliminating competition and small business, subsidizing undemocratic propaganda, and otherwise working a hardship on the nation?*

It's a good question, but there are not many signs that anyone in Washington is becoming very exercised about supplying a forthright answer. Patman, in the new session of Congress, relinquished his chairmanship of the Small Business Committee. His successor is Rep. Joe L. Evins, of Tennessee, who has endorsed the probe. Patman remains as a member of the committee and has vowed to carry his inquiry into the foundation "mess," as he calls it, further and deeper; but the foundations are protesting, Republicans are protesting, and Congress as a whole, like most of Washington, seems apathetic and lethargic. As in so much else in modern-day America, the signs seem to point to the likelihood that the big will get bigger, the rich, richer—and the small, smaller; the poor, poorer.

Labor Shudders at Leisure . . . . . Dan Wakefield

The burden of leisure, long the exclusive curse of the rich, is now the darkest threat to the well-being of the working man and the subject of increasing concern on the part of organized labor. A recent national conference on "The Shorter Work Week and the Constructive Use of Leisure Time," sponsored by the AFL-CIO Community Service Committee, brought together union delegates from throughout the country. They heard the professional advice of cultural medicine men and grappled with the growing problem of leisure, which, as a union instruction sheet frankly warned, may turn out to be "the great emptiness."

Labor's struggle with leisure has only begun, and there seems no doubt that it will prove to be a far more sinister and formidable enemy than Harry Bennett's goon squad.

For the first time in its history, organized labor is working for a shorter workweek than its leaders or its members actually want. In reluctantly adopting the goal of a thirty-five-hour week as part of its national policy in 1962, the AFL-CIO made clear that its drive was undertaken as a means of insuring more jobs in the age of automation rather than out of a desire or need for more free time for the laborer. George Meany has explained that "no one—certainly not the AFL-CIO—maintains that under ordinary circumstances forty hours a week are excessive on the grounds of

Dan Wakefield, a frequent contributor, is the author of Revolt in the South *and* Island in the City.

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health, safety or undue restriction of leisure time. On the contrary, the labor movement would be delighted if forty hours of work were available to all who wanted them." Fully aware of the problems posed by more free time, the labor movement is in the ironic position of trying to arm its members against this menace which, at the same time, it must work to bring down on them. The goal of the shorter workweek in 1963 has become the lesser of two evils, rather than a good in itself.

So far even the promise of more jobs created by more leisure, and the AFL-CIO educational campaign to win support for it, has failed to inspire most people to take up the terrible burden of free time. The labor movement has to convince not only the boss of the wisdom of shorter hours, but also the workers. According to latest statistics, the majority of union men and their wives are opposed to the thirty-five-hour week: a Gallup poll showed that only 29 per cent of the population as a whole, and only 42 per cent of union people, favored it. As one speaker informed the AFL-CIO conference, leisure needs a new "image." Perhaps an appropriate slogan for the needed campaign might be: "Fun can be fun."

The union delegates dispatched to the Hotel Commodore in New York to grapple with this unwieldy problem were given a factual briefing by George Gallup, whose statistics on what people do with the free time they now have went far to explain why they don't want any more of it. The principal answer of most Americans for filling the void of their nonwork hours can be given in a single predictable word: television. "The typical family in this country uses its television set between four and five hours a day," Dr. Gallup reported. With time for working, commuting, eating and sleeping, that just about takes care of the day. Dr. Gallup elaborated: "Every seven out of ten adults tell us that they watch Westerns regularly." This ought to make clearer why people don't want more free time. Surely people see enough cowboys as it is, and the thought of having to watch more must certainly be depressing. Dr. Gallup also revealed what people *don't* do with their free time, leading us through that familiar, but somehow always surprising, terrain of our intellectual Gobi that remains so magnificently unmarked by all the talk of "cultural explosions" and the number of new symphony orchestras in North Dakota. Two-thirds of all adults in the United States have not read a book in the previous year; only one in six knows of a book he would like to read; and, in spite of all our newspapers, magazines and libraries, we still have fewer of all of them per capita than does Western Europe. Only 54 per cent of Americans who have gone to high school or college know what the Bill of Rights is, and less than half the country's voters have heard of Barry Goldwater.

Dr. Gallup was not depressed by these discoveries of his, however, and confided to the conference that "I trust I am not one who is guilty of placing too much emphasis on book learning." In the course of polling Americans for three decades, a mission which might seem to have driven a weaker man to expatriation, the pollster said he had found our people to be "wonderfully endowed by what is best described as horse sense."

Dr. Gallup suggested that this native horse sense be applied to voluntary work on community problems as a means of occupying leisure time. He revealed that his aides had asked people throughout the country whether they would "serve on a committee which would deal with some local problems such as housing, recreation, traffic, health and the like . . ." and although 39 per cent weren't interested, 61 per cent said they were. Filling up time by committee work on civic problems was hopefully pushed by a number of speakers, and Leo Perlis, AFL-CIO Community Service Director, prescribed that "public service can be the best medicine for the new leisure class—the gainfully employed with time on their hands."

But getting people to take their medicine is another problem. The union delegates who met in daily discussion groups had to face the practical matter of taking the ideas of the high-level speakers back to their own locals, and their questions about the theories and suggestions were necessarily hard-headed. As one delegate told his discussion group, "If I went home and told my union how to use their free time, I'd be out." Another delegate sympathized with this problem and asked, "How are you going to get people to do these things like public service? It's not putting money in their pockets, and its their own free time."

One of the most popular uses of free time for workers who have

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won shorter hours is getting another job that will in fact put money in their pockets, and this practice of "moonlighting"—frowned on by the labor movement—was explained by a number of the discussion participants. "I think what we need," said one, "is not the thirty-five-hour-week, but the seventy-hour week. Maybe then we could pay off all our mortgages." "That's right" said a man across the table, "We're mortgage-poor. We need more jobs."

But it is difficult enough these days to find *one* job, and what would doubtless be the most popular answer to leisure on the part of workingmen — more wage work — simply isn't open to most of them. Whether or not they can be persuaded to take nonpaying volunteer jobs is a tenuous question, and certainly is not the whole answer to "helping our people fill up their time," as one discussion leader put it. One of the expert speakers said it was necessary to create a kind of smörgasbord of leisure opportunities that the men could choose from, and, as one discussion leader later explained more forcefully, "We've got to create this smörgasbord that will tempt the guys to get off their duffs." But the smörgasbord so far is not very tempting.

Aside from public-service work in the community, the only other major "medicine" suggested for the pains of leisure was that great and mysterious thing variously described as "culture," "the arts" and "the finer things of life." On hand to push this highly touted, but still slow-moving, product was August Heckscher, President Kennedy's roving cultural commissar. Mr. Heckscher said that the answer to "a rewarding leisure . . . depends in no small measure upon the degree to which we can make the arts a significant part of our free time." Not only did Mr. Heckscher suggest that we all might learn to dance, draw, sing, "act with spirit" and write a poem, but that labor should take on the role of patron of the arts. "Would it not be a fitting and exciting development if we should see a great labor union sponsoring a fine orchestra or repertory theatre which would travel about the land into cities and communities hungry for the great revelations of art?"

The union men at the discussion group I attended after this speech did not seem to think so.

"Who says we have to have an interest in these so-called cultural arts?" one delegate asked with considerable fervor. "I'd like to know who's behind this, saying we ought to like these continental things like art and ballet dancing. Is it because the Russians have a ballet troop in Havana now? I like the American way of doing things. I like to watch TV and spend an afternoon chasing a golf ball."

"That's right," a fellow delegate added. "They can't cram this stuff down people's throats. You have to get it in school. It's like olives—you gotta develop a taste for it."

The idea of the labor movement's actually sponsoring these "continental" pastimes—for instance by acting as patron to symphonies and theatre groups—was even more passionately opposed as a matter of pride than on grounds of preference. A delegate from Baltimore pointed out that "These architects and artists look down on the workingman just like doctors and lawyers do. And the same with the performing artists. The AGVA local didn't even join our Central Labor Council; they don't even want to brush shoulders with us. And yet we're supposed to support culture. I say let them do their own crusading in the labor movement. If the cultural arts want to make any headway with labor they better get active in the AFL-CIO."

The popular reaction against the "so-called cultural arts" at this discussion group stirred the most feeling and general agreement of any topic I had heard taken up at the conference. After the session ended, I asked the group's discussion leader about it and he explained with some discouragement that "Art is a dirty word to a lot of these fellows. It's a very touchy subject. You see, it sounds to a lot of them like getting in bed with management."

This, of course, is the feeling of many union members, but does not reflect the opinions of their own union "management." In fact, the AFL-CIO's Leo Perlis held a press conference asking for the "establishment of a United Arts Fund for the purpose of financing culture and the arts." Perlis said that such a fund in every community would "advance the cultural rennaissance spearheaded by the White House."

After hearing it discussed, however earnestly and well-meaningly, the problem of leisure seems even more depressing than before. Faced with taking cultural "medicine" and serving on committees to solve local traffic problems, one is tempted to open a cold can of beer and turn to *Have Gun, Will Travel.*

Italy: A New Village Around an Old Fountain . . Elisabeth Mann Borgese

Rome

Quietly and imperceptibly, spring has come to Italy. People are cleaning their house fronts and putting their geraniums back into the windows. But together with the colors of spring, others are beginning to adorn cities and countryside. Streamers are stretched over narrow streets; posters are vying for attention; special structures are rising, brilliantly illumined at night, proposing slogans and names. On Sunday mornings, meeting halls and public squares are competing with the churches, or with the sunny parks, for the free time of the citizens. Imperceptibly, the electoral campaign has come to Italy, whose voters will elect, on April 28, the fourth Republican Legislature.

Mildly and imperceptibly: because, thus far, at least, tempers are not running high. Meetings are crowded but peaceful; slogans lack the usual aggressiveness and bitterness. As a matter of fact, it is amazing how similar they all are.

At the Station Square in Florence,

Elisabeth Mann Borgese's most recent book is Ascent of Woman, *to be published this month by George Braziller.*

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a huge impressive-looking tower has been erected, strikingly lighted up by night: a rather costly affair. "To advance towards socialism in Democracy and Peace," it advertises, "Vote for. . . ." What party could it be? The Christian Democrats, one might assume, after their much advertised "turn to the Left." *"Avanti! con la D.C."* (*Forward* with the Christian Democrats!) shouts another streamer, from one old palace to another, across a narrow street. The curious thing, however, is that *Avanti!* thus far has been the well-established slogan of the Italian Socialist Party and the name of its daily paper.

The Social Democrats, then, perhaps? "Vote for a democratic socialism," they ask the citizen, on a gaily colored red ribbon, half a block farther down.

Whose, then, is that costly tower on the Station Square? "If you want to *advance* toward *socialism* in *democracy* and *peace*, VOTE COMMUNIST!" This is really rather surprising.

The Lower House of the Italian Parliament, which was dissolved last month, consisted of 596 members. Of these seats, the dominant Christian Democratic Party held 273; the Communist Party ran second, with 140 seats; third came Nenni's Socialist party with 84 seats; the Socialist Democrats had 22, the Liberals, 17, the Republicans 6, the two Monarchial parties, together, 25; the Fascists (*Movimento Sociale Italiano*) 24, others, 5. The Senate had 248 members, including 115 Christian Democrats, 55 Communists, and 36 Socialists. Since 1958, the Italian electorate has grown from 32,444,892 to 34,000,000 voters. The number of seats in the Lower House has been raised to 630, in the Senate, to 335. Will the new voters alter the present balance of power? What are the alternatives? What are the issues at stake?

The main issues of this electoral campaign are not those of foreign policy.

Everybody wants a united Europe, in one form or another. Everybody, except the Communists but including Nenni's Socialists, is agreed that Italy will remain a loyal member of the Atlantic Pact—although this may not always remain so. An article by the Catholic A. C. Jemolo, published recently by the new independent-Socialist bi-weekly *Astrolabio*, may be a straw in the wind. A generation ago, Jemolo writes, it was taken absolutely for granted by everyone that Italy had to be a member of the Triple Alliance. Otherwise, it was assumed, Austria would have invaded the country, and national unity would have come to an end. Then it turned out that the Austrian threat was a bogy. Today, the Atlantic Pact is being taken for granted just as the Triple Alliance was half a century ago.

But the political situation on which the Atlantic Pact was founded is changing, just as happened to that on which the Alliance was founded. And the threat of Russia may turn out to be a bogy as was the threat of Austria. With this, Jemolo does not invite his fellow citizens to denounce the Atlantic Pact. He only asks them to think.

The Italian Communists, on the other hand, who, in the past, sailed their anti-Atlantic campaign in the strong wind of the Soviet peace offensives, find their course confused by a stronger peace offensive —the most powerful yet launched since the beginning of the cold war: that of the Catholic Church. "The influence of Vatican II also on Italian domestic politics is enormous," Florence's leftist-Catholic Mayor, Giorfio Lapira, told me in a recent conversation. And this, even prior to the publication of the Pope's peace encyclical, which will have vast consequences on world politics and, coming as it does just before the Italian elections, on Italian politics as well. (Sanche de Gramont, in the European Edition of the New York *Herald Tribune* of April 1, comforts cold warriors by reminding them that the Pope, in speaking of war and peace, is "considered not necessarily infallible in an encyclical." But who cares whether he is infallible, if he is right?)

Thus the Communist foreign-policy platform has lost much of its attraction. A slight *decrease* in the Communist vote is indeed generally expected: which really means a substantial loss, considering the *increase* in the numbers of voters.

The main issues of the campaign are domestic. They are, moreover, less theoretical, less sloganeering than in any previous campaign. They are practical. They are concrete. The issue is the completion of the policies already initiated by the Fanfani government during the past year.

The reader who wants to get an idea of the really heroic amount of work accomplished by this government since the "opening to the Left" should look at Prime Minister Fanfani's book, *The Left Center, 1962*, just published. In this book the author gives a sober, unrhetorical account of the events following the collapse of the Center-Right government in July, 1960: the Christian-Democratic Party congresses of Naples at which the "opening to the Left" was decided —out of logical necessity, one might say; the formation of the new coalition government, consisting of Christian Democrats, Republicans and Social Democrats; its alliance with the Socialists on the basis, not of bartering of portfolios, but of a program whose cornerstones were the radical reform of the public-school system, the nationalization of the electric industries and the decentralization of the national administration through the realization of the "Regions" established by the Constitution.

The most important of these is, perhaps, the reform of the school system. For without such a reform the Italian "economic miracle" would be doomed to an early death for lack of skilled labor, technicians and professional men. Italian education, thus far, has been an elite education, with only 2.5 per cent of the population graduating from institutions of higher learning. An elite education, however, is incompatible, not only with social justice, but, more and more, with scientific industrial development and mass production.

The first step has been the institution of a democratic high school, obligatory for all and offering the same curriculum to all. On the one hand, this raises the level of general education; on the other, it postpones, at least to the age of fourteen, the division between those who go on to higher studies and those who must prepare for a menial job: a division that, in Italy, strictly follows the line of class structure. The Italian school system, in fact, provides for a rising system of barriers, insuring that the sons of peasants and workers remain peasants and workers; that the middle classes furnish the body

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of professional men (far too few), and that political and economic leadership renew their ranks by drawing only from their own social class. To break this system is the first task the Left-Center government—under Socialist pressure—has set itself. The institution of the new high school is only the first step, to be followed by other reforms: the reform of the upper high school (*liceo*) and of the institutions of higher learning; the creation of a vast net of kindergarten and nursery schools, to solve the problem of working mothers; the modernization of the recruiting and training of teachers, the extension of a system of scholarships at the high-school level; the establishment of a pre-salary for university students (already established by law), etc.

So important, indeed, is the question of educational reform in Italian politics today that at a recent campaign rally of the Socialist Party the orators, often interrupted by the applause of an enthusiastic crowd, talked of nothing but this, all morning.

The time of protesting, the Socialist leaders concluded, is over for the Italian working class. Now has come the time for *proposing*.

Where does this leave the Communist opposition on the internal front? Their campaign, in fact, is feeble, also along this line.

Yet there are some in the Socialist Party who still prefer "protesting" to "proposing"; these may defect to the Communist Party. In Rome, where the political atmosphere is less tranquil than in other parts of the country, a paradoxical situation has thus arisen: To stall the danger of a left-wing defection, the Socialist Party has put at the head of its electoral list a parliamentarian, the Hon. Vecchietti, who has always advocated the closest cooperation with the Communist Party—even during the Hungarian crisis.

The Christian Democrats, on the other hand, fear a defection to the Right of those elements in the party—still powerful—who have vested interests to defend. The party expected to gain the most from the rightist defection of the Christian Democrats is the Liberal Party. To stall this danger, the Christian Democrats in Rome have put at the head of their list a man known for his staunch opposition to the Left-Center: the Hon. Andreotti, former minister of defense.

If these defections turned out to be substantial, the situation would be rather grim. The "Right-Center" or "Liberal alternative" has already proved unworkable. It could not govern without the participation of the extreme Right — Monarchists and Fascists. It would force the Socialists back into close alliance with the Communists; and that this formula is today no longer acceptable to the Italian people was proved during the popular uprisings in Genoa that brought down the Right-Center government of Tambroni.

But the defections, to the Left and to the Right, are not expected to make a great deal of difference. The general expectation, as a matter of fact, is that the Left-Center will be returned to power. Even if the Center parties (Christian-Democrats, Republicans, Social Democrats: the Social Democrats are expected to make considerable gains) should reach by themselves an absolute majority, this would be so narrow that it could not, in the long run, function without the support of the Socialists.

"No matter how things may go in detail," Mayor Lapira told me with his characteristic optimism, "the Socialists will be *in* government a month after the elections. The Left-Center," he continued, "is there to stay. For it has the support of 90 per cent of the Italian population. Those who vote the Communist ticket," he explained, "are not really Communists at all. The Communist vote is a vote of protest; and these 'Communists' really cannot but be favorable to all, or most, of the measures adopted or proposed by the Left-Center Government. The Pope has been favorable from the outset to the 'opening to the Left' and its forward-looking measures for social justice and economic reform. 'We must build a new village around the old fountain,' the Pope told me," Lapira concluded.

There has been a profound change, during this last year, in the political situation in Italy: a change with consequences not for Italy only, but for the West, for the world.

In former elections, the issue was: Atlantic versus Communist; Black against Red; a Russian-paid propaganda vied with one paid by the United States and the Vatican, with American warships cruising menacingly not far off the Italian shores during election time. The issue was determined from outside, by the world's division into two antagonistic blocs. Now the process is reversed. It is no longer the East-West split that determines the political situation in Italy. It is the Italian political situation that may act on the East-West split. A centripetal process has been transformed into a centrifugal one. The political campaign has been unpoisoned. It has been even de-politicized, to a certain extent. The issue is no longer between damnation and salvation. It is between those who accept and those who wish to reject a certain concrete program. No longer between Atlanticists and Reds but, let us say, between Tories and Labor: with Labor up and coming. But this "Labor" is of a peculiar and new sort, in that it unites, in one dynamic, constructive effort, both Marxists and Christians. This is what makes it so eminently suitable for export: this is what gives to it its centrifugal force. For the Italian-devised formula may, in the coming years, provide an alternative to both Peronism and Castroism in Catholic Latin America. It may, eventually, be the formula for world peace: a new village around an ancient fountain.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

legal records, Mr. Branting was allowed to examine the exhibits used at the trial. Among them were the bullets taken from Sacco's gun. All these bullets were marked with a sharp instrument, except for the fatal bullet, which was marked with a dull instrument. The coroner told Mr. Branting that he had marked all of them in the same manner with his scalpel. Mr. Branting raised the question with the defense lawyers as to why nothing had been done about the special marking on the fatal bullet, which appeared to be made by a knife. The main efforts for a new trial had been based on the bias of the court and false witnesses.

As Secretary of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee until the time of the execution, I had close association with the men and a knowledge of the case and am absolutely certain of their innocence.

Mary Donovan Hapgood

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The Epochal Leap to Vacuum

MAN'S DEPENDENCE ON THE EARTHLY ATMOSPHERE. Edited by Karl E. Schaefer. The Macmillan Co. 416 pp. $14.50.

Carl Dreher

In conventional book reviewing the author of the book, the reviewer and the review-reader are supposedly all members of a more or less homogeneous group. The reviewer's job is primarily to describe the book so that his clientele can decide whether they wish to read it—perchance even to buy it! With *Man's Dependence on the Earthly Atmosphere* there is more to it than that. This book consists of thirty-five papers delivered at the First International Symposium on Submarine and Space Medicine, held at the U.S. Submarine Base at New London, Conn., in the fall of 1958, but not published until 1962. The papers were written by physiologists and physicians for physiologists and physicians. The reviewer's function, then, is to mine the book for ideas, which he may use in a different context, and for different purposes, than those which the authors intended. A single observation, which could have originated only in a technical mind, may evoke an idea in the less specialized technical mind of the reviewer and this idea may illuminate for the general reader some facet of his world to which, till then, he had been oblivious.

Let me illustrate. Man's journey into space is often likened to Columbus' voyages to the New World. But actually those and other explorations are rather minor events in the history of life on earth. From a biological standpoint, space flight is in a class with the first venture of the Devonian lobefish, *Eusthenopteron,* from water to land, more than 300 million years ago. Both are major evolutionary transitions, epochal leaps, in the one case from water to air, in the other from air to vacuum. The Devonian fish, or whatever amphibian braved the first leap, was the initiator of the age of mammals which followed a couple of hundred million years later, and so led to the spaceman.

The use of machinery to effect a change in environment is a phase of man's cultural evolution, superimposed on Darwinian evolution and part of the same continuity. A species uses the means available. Migration from earth to space is no less momentous and no less "natural" than migration from sea to land. It just comes later in the evolutionary sequence and uses later means.

Cultural evolution, culminating (as of now) in the "conquest" of space, is, however, far more rapid than biological evolution, and therefore even more dangerous. The fish had to develop feetlike lower fins before it could come out of the water, and lungs that would function without gills. This must have taken millions of years. But, once the fish had so equipped himself, he was probably better fitted for his new environment than today's astronaut is for space. A lung or a foot is more complex, at the cellular level at any rate, than a spacecraft. In that sense the fish had farther to go but, since his evolution was unconscious and unplanned, he had as much time and as many generations as he needed. Man, because he is the most enterprising, pugnacious and predatory of animals, is also the most hurried.

The fish had an easier task in that he merely went after the same necessities in another milieu, in contrast to the airless, foodless, waterless spatial environment, where everything a man needs for survival must be supplied by a life-support system. Still another difference is that the fish was presumably compelled to go from water to land or he would not have done it, while the astronaut diminishes his chances of survival the farther he ventures into space.

I do not claim any originality for the foregoing observations, but the fact remains that they had not occurred to me before I looked into *Man's Dependence on the Earthly Atmosphere.* I had read the comparison between space exploration and Columbus a dozen times: it is parroted by every hack space promoter. The things that were wrong with it were obvious enough, but the right setting for space exploration eluded me until I read Dr. Schaefer's reference to the principle laid down by Claude Bernard in 1878: *"La fixité du milieu interieur est la condition de la vie libre."* This condition another great physiologist, Walter B. Cannon, called *homeostasis.* Unless the body is maintained within narrow limits of temperature, unless the blood transports a certain minimum of oxygen and glucose to the tissues, unless acidity is neither too high nor too low and water, sodium and calcium are likewise neither deficient nor excessive, "free life," by which Bernard means intellectual activity, cannot continue. Apathy, nausea, paresis, delirium, coma and death follow any prolonged imbalance of serious proportions.

In the Bible it is said: "The morning cometh, and also the night./ If ye will inquire, inquire ye." Now, through the agency of rockets, we can pursue the inquiry in space, where the morning cometh not, neither the night, for there is eternal darkness. That is to say, the earth's rotation is no longer an environmental factor. This is the subject of one of the papers in the symposium: Franz Halberg's "Physiologic 24-Hour Rhythms: A Determinant of Response to Environmental Agents." Halberg is concerned with circadian rhythms (L. *circa* + *dies*) which have a period of about twenty-four hours and, though they interact with other factors, genetic and dietary, for instance, may be studied in experimental animals and in man. Halberg investigated the diurnal variation in temperature in mouse and man, rhythms in blood chemistry and the excretion of water, chloride, potassium, etc., with the object of optimizing performance efficiency of crews of atomic submarines and spaceships. But then his researches took a new turn. He reasoned that somewhere in the brain there must be a means, as yet unknown, of comparing and correlating organismic information coming from within the body and environmental information coming from without, the latter being subdivided into physico-chemical and socio-ecological stimuli. Next: if behavior could be affected by the phase relations between the external and internal stimuli — their synchronization or asynchronization because of a time delay in transmission or response—might there not be diseases of synchronization? Psychoses may be regarded as illnesses that separate the individual from the realities of his environment. Could abnormal phase relations of in-

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ternal and external physiological and psychological signals contribute to such a dissociation?

This idea may be completely cockeyed, but it shows how one hypothesis leads to another. It is the only way in which science can proceed. Ultimately there may be practical effects. Even in the absence of therapeutic promise or any useful results, leads of this sort are among the most enticing in space research. In the recently issued *Review of Space Research* of the Space Science Board of the National Academy of Sciences, the point is made that "insofar as space provides opportunities for truly new types of environmental exposure of known biological systems, it not only offers means of testing . . . those relationships we now think are understood, but it also invites the discovery of unforeseen relationships."

At one point in the symposium discussion, Dr. Hudson Hoagland remarked that getting up in the morning acts as a stress on the human organism. Dr. Fred Elmadjian enlarged on this and other stress effects in a paper on "Epinephrine, Norepinephrine, and Aldosterone: Release and Excretion." The substances named are hormones secreted by the sympathico-adrenal system which, as has long been known, enables the organism to cope with stressful situations. Elmadjian studied these effects quantitatively in a group of physicians and laboratory technicians, then, under conditions of greater stress, in athletes during sporting events. In the first group he found an increase in norepinephrine (NE) and epinephrine (E) between sleep and morning activity, NE about doubling, while a much larger percentage increase occurred in E. All of which lends scientific support to Emily Dickinson's outcry: "Help, help! Another day!"

A run on twenty professional hockey players yielded an almost six-fold average increase in NE-excretion during a game, and about a 2.5-fold increase in E-excretion. One player who was involved in a fist fight with an opposing player and was ejected from the game produced an 8.4-fold rise in NE; his E-excretion rose 18-fold. Less dramatic changes were noted among five members of the Celtics basketball team who were tested in one game of a playoff series with Philadelphia. Elmadjian notes that, while aggressiveness is essential in hockey (there may be a grain of truth in a Boston columnist's assertion that all hockey players are crazy), in basketball excessive aggressiveness may well lose the game.

Elmadjian's results are hardly conclusive, but further research along such lines might make it possible to establish criteria for the selection of astronauts and others who will be called on to meet extraordinary vocational stress. It might also prove possible to predict the performance of an astronaut before a flight and to keep him on the ground if sympathico-adrenal measurements indicate that his condition is below par. More broadly, such investigations mark a beginning in the quantitative study of man in various interactions with others of his species and in hostile environments, which we now know only in the most undigested and incomplete form. Even if the pace of biological investigation is greatly accelerated, it may take decades for the life sciences to catch up with physics and engineering, insofar as that is possible. By all indications the present disparity is unnecessarily great and is in part the result of overemphasis on areas with the highest profit potentials.

This leads me to the suggestion that Congressional manipulation of the space budget may not invariably be in the public interest—not that there is anything sacred about Executive and space agency proposals either, but these stand a better chance of having been exposed to scientific influence. Most Congressmen have little understanding of scientific research, still less of research in the life sciences. They are largely preoccupied with their own and their constituents' political and economic interests—more particularly the interests of their campaign-contributing constituents. There is much talk of space research "fallout" which will redound to the benefit of business and the national economy. Congressmen understand such talk, and they like it still better if the benefits can be siphoned off in their districts. It does not matter to them that we already have enough by-products of an industrial and engineering nature, at least for a while.

The really valuable fallout could be in the biological and social sciences. Present indications, however, are that Congress will take a different view. NASA has asked for $5.7 billion for fiscal 1964, of which $4.2 billion is to be spent during the year and the balance of $1.5 billion is to be authorized. Congress will be inclined to cut at exactly the wrong places, dealing tenderly with whatever is proposed as a direct contribution to the lunar race, and harshly with science projects, except where it can be shown conclusively that they will help to place American astronauts on the moon by 1968. Even when there is a causal connection, it cannot always be proved. By taking this "practical" view, Congress may actually lengthen the odds against an American lunar triumph. Far worse, it will be postponing important, perhaps revolutionary, advances in biology, physiology and medicine—terrestrial biology and medicine, that is, as well as exobiology and space medicine.

This is not entirely the fault of the Congressmen and those who elect them. The trouble is partly in the gap between the two cultures (or the absence of any culture at all). A contributory cause is the mediocrity of much of what passes for science writing in the United States. As science becomes more and more important in national life, the public is less and less informed on its workings. We have, of course, some competent popularizers and a few, like Philip Morrison, who are also first-rate scientists, but their output for the laity is limited. *Scientific American* does a consistently admirable job, but it is read mainly by scientists and intellectuals, and reaches few voters and still fewer Congressmen. Most science journalism in the newspapers and news weeklies is disappointing. Many of these reporters rely excessively on handouts and don't bother to struggle with technical literature.

By way of remedy—on a modest scale but one must begin somewhere—I will call attention to the fact that in this review-essay on Dr. Schaefer's collection, I have taken up only a few points in the introduction and Part I: "Effect of Acute and Chronic Environmental Stress Conditions on Endocrine and Metabolic Functions." I have not even touched on the homeostasis of the arterial circulation, oxygen-CO_2 transport in the blood, adaptation to high and low oxygen and CO_2 values, experimentation with methods of breathing and breath-holding, man's utilization of simulated earthly atmospheres, his ecology in confinement and other subjects directly related to the title of the book. In Parts 2-7 there are the materials for a dozen more essays. I offer this virginal repository to any stouthearted science writer who would like to see the taxpayer get something for his money.

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Free and Rootless

THE ORDEAL OF CHANGE. By Eric Hoffer. Harper & Row. 150 pp. $3.50.

Loren Baritz

Eric Hoffer is a working man who has taught himself to think about the world in an informed and clear-eyed fashion. The author of *The True Believer*, a still resonant study of fanaticism, Hoffer has now gathered some of his essays together in *The Ordeal of Change*. The toughness of his mind, coupled with the staccato quality of these essays, gives *The Ordeal of Change* a flavor of genuine intellectual excitement.

If there is a muscle holding these essays together it is Hoffer's vision of the meaning of individual freedom. He understands the birth of individualism as a drastic spinning off of individual fragments from an earlier corporate form, perhaps a family, clan or church. The newly free and rootless individual must find meaning in his unaccustomed isolation, and the ways he will do that determine the kind of lives we all will lead. A stable society knows how to do what it wants to do; it is skillful. Faced with change, and especially the destruction of old personal ties, the absence of skill results in passion or faith. If the opportunity for action is denied in periods of drastic change, substitutes for action will be sought: "The substitute for self-confidence is faith; the substitute for self-esteem is pride; and the substitute for individual balance is fusion with others into a compact group." If the newly born individual is not allowed or is unable to act, his new freedom as an individual provides an essential basis for a regrouping; modern mass movements thus spring from the individualism to which they are opposed.

Concerned with "the men of words," the intellectuals in the modern world, Hoffer thunders off in several directions. Part of anti-Americanism derives from the fear of intellectuals in other countries of the obscurity suffered by American intellectuals. To fight the cold war more effectively — a steady desire of Hoffer's — America must make more and better use "of our foremost poets, philosophers, writers, artists, scientists, and professors." But he contradicts himself. He thinks that it is true that the alienation of the modern intellectual has made him an ally of revolution, a spokesman for democratic forces. But when they are given political success, the intellectuals, Hoffer points out, have turned into merely more grammatical slave drivers. There is a "discrepancy between the attitude of the intellectual while the struggle is on, and his role once the battle is won." Hoffer's answer is that the creative process flourishes only in discontent, and that an intellectual who realizes his dreams of power is a contradiction in terms. It is socially useful, therefore, for society to keep its intellectuals barefoot and pregnant. And yet he thinks that it is a shame that society cannot make use of its best minds.

Because his essays scatter all over the political and social landscape, it is not possible to tie them into one consistent whole. Concerned with Asia, industrialism, labor and management, the emergence of man's "practical sense," brotherhood and intellectual play, among other things, this intellectual, who is also a pea picker and longshoreman, sheds light where he turns his mind. For my taste, Hoffer is sometimes too oracular, but he knows the use of paradox and of asking old questions in new ways. His gentle and pervasive humanity makes him seem like a man it would be nice to know. *The Ordeal of Change* is a very brief and usually adept introduction.

Loren Baritz, author of The Servants of Power, *teaches history at Roosevelt University, Chicago. His specialty is American intellectual history.*

Pain of Brooklyn

BLACK SPRING. By Henry Miller. Grove Press. 243 pp. $5.

Warrington Winters

The Sargasso Sea of Henry Miller has bubbled recently with the Dutton publication of the Durrell-Miller letters and now with this first American issue of *Black Spring*.

Let's get the record straight first. *The Tropic of Cancer* (1934) is bitter sex in Paris. *The Tropic of Capricorn* (1939) and *Sexus* (1949) are lusty sex in Brooklyn. *Black Spring* (1936) offers Paris and Brooklyn without the sex. Grove has given us all of these now, except *Sexus*, which I would prefer to the others any day.

Black Spring shows unmistakably — what we glimpse in *Capricorn* — that the fountainhead of Henry Miller's frantic fugue may be found in the horrors of his Broooklyn childhood. There Henry and his "nitwit" brother — really his sister — were driven half mad by Mama or Papa or both.

Was it Mama? Hearing her sob all night, Henry used to wonder how he could ever "go into her" and comfort her, when what he wanted most was "to break her heart." He came home one day asking permission to marry "a woman old enough to be my mother": his mother picked up the bread knife and went for him. Is she pretty much the same woman whose husband, in a later chapter, had to beat her with a razor strop and rub mustard into the raw welts?

Or was Papa to blame? Remember to remember the night — Henry was out that night getting a dose of the clap — when his father came home "so stinking drunk he took his friend Tom Jordan to bed with him." Is Papa, in a later chapter, the surgeon who attended the little girl with a hole in the side of her head? The surgeon "selects a long, delicate instrument with a red-hot point and without a word of warning he plunges it into the open wound." Hearing the blood-curdling scream of the girl, our Henry knocks down the surgeon, gouges out his eyes, slits his tongue, breaks his windpipe, rips off his clothes, burns his chest until it smokes, and while the flesh is still raw and quivering from the hot iron, he rolls back the outer layers and pours nitric acid inside, until he hears the heart and lung sizzling, until the fumes almost keel him over. That takes care of Papa pretty well, I should think.

The tragedy of it all, says Miller, is that "nobody sees the look of desperation on my face." Nobody. That means you and me. Hearkening to Miller's mandarin dream (see *Sunday After the War*, 1944, and *The Books in My Life*, 1952) of a distant egoless universe of love; or observing the apparent water-color serenity of his Zen-Buddhistic life at Big Sur, we blind ourselves to his inner hell. A hell which did not produce a Dickens, a Dostoevski, or even a Kafka.

From Brooklyn on out, Miller has gotten hopelessly afloat on a polaric ocean of surrealistic hysteria. Still, in our times, who has not? Is it true, as we have been told, that Miller is "the greatest living author"? Can this be? Yes, we do find a truly poignant and

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poetic record of our times in "The Rosy Crucifixion" — *Sexus*, *Plexus* and the yet unwritten *Nexus*, which we urgently await. Miller is absolutely a bigger man than Celine, Kerouac or William Burroughs. Going further, we may even say that he is a Whitman for our day. Whitman, however, was born in a serener family and century; he was not driven quite insane by the pain of Brooklyn.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

The catastrophic deterioration of the Broadway theatre may be discerned in the fact that inconsequential scripts are frequently done much more competently than serious ones. An example is *Enter Laughing* by Joseph Stein, based on a novel by Carl Reiner (Henry Miller Theatre). It is composed of the kind of gags the brighter kids on the block used to have fun with at the corner candy stores. The play is not a "comedy," as the playbill notes, but farce-burlesque.

The anecdote is as thin as that of a comic strip. A barely educated Bronx boy, whose parents want him to become a druggist, works as a delivery boy at a one-man machine shop supplying the millinery trade. Our hero dreams of being an actor. I worried during the early part of the entertainment that he might end as another David Susskind, but fortunately this was not the case. The evening concludes abruptly with the boy's hectic debut at a ratty, fly-by-night substock company in a hole-in-the-corner showshop off Broadway.

If you follow the deeper thinking in the drama, you will read that Brecht's theatre aesthetic bids the actor not to *be* the character he plays but to *represent* him. In other words, the actor is not to think "I" am Malvolio or Shylock, but "he"—the character I am playing—is Malvolio or Shylock. There is much discussion in the studios of this presumably abstruse doctrine. But if you watch the comedian Alan Arkin who plays the would-be actor in *Enter Laughing* you will see Brecht's rule popularly demonstrated. Arkin—whose *Second City* skit with Barbara Harris about the Beatnik and the College Girl at a Modern Art Show was a masterpiece—always presents his characters as "third persons," other fellows whom Arkin (of furry voice with nasal twang) is telling you about with brilliant, sidesplitting effect.

Irving Jacobson, a veteran of the Jewish Theatre, is endearingly professional, as is Marty Greene of similar background. Under Gene Sak's witty direction, Sylvia Sidney, Alan Mowbray, Barbara Dana, Tom Gorman also contribute most engagingly to the pleasantry of *Enter Laughing*, a happily integrated show.

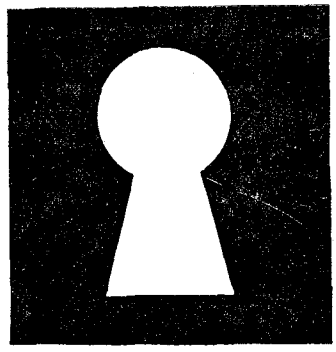
The Lady of the Camellias, on the other hand, a "Production Devised, Designed and Directed by Mr. Zeffirelli" (as the Playbill obstreperously proclaimed), was also ruined by him at the Winter Garden. It is difficult—and probably unnecessary—to describe in detail the ineptitude of this event.

Franco Zeffirelli conceived the perhaps pregnant notion of following Dumas' novel rather than his play. (Assisting in the dramatization were Giles Cooper and Terrence McNally.) To begin with, two things went wrong: the script that resulted from the collaboration gives the impression of having been written with a club; and the sort of realism Dumas commanded, the novel's intent and style, has been fatally misunderstood.

Zeffirelli's production was vulgar in *Camellias* a story of true love destroyed by the bad bourgeoisie—a supposedly up-to-date interpretation. But Dumas is much subtler. His bourgeoisie is not villainous but unaware and helpless, so that all its values are accepted by everyone, including Marguerite Gautier, the victim. That is why the scene between Marguerite and old man Duval (who in Zeffirelli's version is presented as a "capitalist bastard" in the manner of the street radicalism of the thirties)—why that scene in Dumas' novel is so touching and why it is, even socially considered, much truer than any tough interpretation could possibly be. This is something the Communist Meyerhold realized in his production of *The Lady of the Camellias* (which I saw in Moscow in 1934) and why the play there succeeded in being both authentic and moving.

Zeffirelli's poduction was vulgar in conception and amateurish in execution. The occasion proved that a man of undoubted talent (as Zeffirelli's *Romeo and Juliet* showed him to be) will sometimes fail even more disastrously than a mediocrity.

Another point worth making in this connection is that a director cannot function alone. He needs collaborators



by Alexander Orlov

Handbook of Intelligence and Guerrilla Warfare

"Important state secrets and especially clues to the intentions and plans of potential enemies cannot be found in libraries or encyclopedias, but only where they are kept under lock and key. The task of intelligence services is to acquire the keys."
—Alexander Orlov

The original version of this book was written for use by the officers of the N.K.V.D. It was also used as a text to teach intelligence tactics to students at the Central Military School in Moscow.

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with whom he must have an intimate cultural and craft relationship. In *Romeo and Juliet* Zeffirelli had the aid of the Old Vic Company, which was itself a coherent unit.

Tovarich, a musical, based on a play by Jacques Deval—later adapted by Robert Sherwood—had already become somewhat passé though skillful boulevard stuff at the time of its first French production in the late twenties. It is about the "charming and gay" Russian *émigrés* in Paris after the Bolshevik Revolution.

The show (at the Broadway Theatre) has a dray-horse "book" by David Shaw, passable lyrics by Anne Croswell and wholly derivative (Lerner, Weill and company) music by Lee Pockriss. Its assets are its svelte stars Vivien Leigh and Jean Pierre Aumont, a good performance by Louise Troy, nice dancing by Margery Gray, amusing choreography by Herbert Ross, the agreeable bass voice of Michael Kermoyan and well-designed sets by Rolf Gerard.

Should the show prove popular, it largely will be due to the audiences' pleasure in seeing Scarlett O'Hara still trim and lovely, dancing a bit and singing in a voice which may be classified as contralto-baritone.

Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author* is ably directed and devotedly acted at the Martinique Theatre (32nd Street and Broadway). The company is excellent in its teamwork, and the play merits revisiting.

William Ball's handling of his company is meticulous and sensitive—his direction stirringly stylized. Jacqueline Brookes, attractive as the Step Daughter, plays with fine fervor; Michael O'Sullivan is delicately comic as the Director. The production has one fault: the cast is so youthful that the company cannot be the kind of tired, rather moldy troupe of some provincial city indicated by the dramatist; it strikes one as a decidedly fresh and eager American community theatre group. This makes Pirandello appear less mature, less deeply rooted in old-world experience than he is. The play thus becomes a little naive.

There was a certain sympathetic savagery and sadness in Lillian Hellman's comedy *My Mother, My Father and Me*, based on the book *How Much?* by Burt Blechman (Plymouth Theatre).

A large cast and a long sequence of scenes (or sketches) itemized the follies and wounds of our society. Very little was omitted: there was the bewildered young man trying to find himself amid family chaos, his near-bankrupt father bedeviled by the frigid, compulsively acquisitive mother who is constantly buying things. It is a household where the colored maid is more independent than her employers. All these are enclosed in a world of quack doctors, horrendous advertisement, sexually repressed women, idiotic recourse to psychoanalysis, the passive hostility of the Beat generation, the specter of Internal Revenue inspection, a Capote-Kerouac syndrome in writing, indifference to and impatience with old age, ignorance of and stupidity about politics, the fetish of tranquilizers, the delusion of bomb shelters, the terror (and hope) of another war—in short, to quote Saul Bellow, a world "caught somewhere between laughter and insanity."

The production, credited to Gower Champion, lacked the needed abandon or ferocity of imagination. There were good actors in the cast—Walter Matthau, Ruth Gordon, Anthony Holland, Sudi Bond—as well as a fetching mite, Barbara Mostel. Lili Darvas gave much the best performance as the grandmother, making her a sorry but somehow powerful grotesque.

I regret I cannot praise *My Mother, My Father and Me*, for despite everything I was "on its side." Its production was almost symbolic of our whole lopsided theatre.

Harold Clurman's next column will be written from London.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

One episode in *Mondo Cane* shows several tables of impassive New Yorkers (possibly models?) dining luxuriously and at exhorbitant prices on grilled ants, slugs *en casserole*, grilled dog and other implausible nourishments; the ants are particularly repellent in close-up. This jaded behavior bespeaks a society sadly at a loss for new challenges, and the commentary is suitably scornful. The fact is, though, that *Mondo Cane* was made for just such an audience. It is a demonic travelogue for patrons who can no longer be stimulated by sunsets over water or natives in traditional dress.

The film is designed to send a current through deadened nerves; I cannot find that it has any more specific purpose. It displays perversity, ignorance, brutality, degradation, vulgarity, superstition and mere exoticism of taste or custom indiscriminately: the criterion is only that what is shown should make the typical Western viewer squirm in his seat. It becomes something of a challenge to show how long one can sit unsquirming, but I am not certain that that is a rewarding kind of entertainment.

Oddly enough, the picture opens and closes with scenes which, together with some scattered passages in the body of the morbid vaudeville, suggest a theme that could have been developed if anyone had been seriously interested. The first sequence is a memorial service in Castellaneta, a small town in Southern Italy where Rudolph Valentino was born. Like many obscure towns scattered around the world, the history of Castellaneta is a blank save for the birth of its one famous son; it is no wonder that the citizens keep green a reputation that elsewhere has almost completely withered. But as the camera moves through the crowd it picks up, one after another, loutish young faces which, by dint of sideburns, brilliantine and an insolently blank expression, have been molded into nightmare approximations of the idolized countenance that lay in state at Campbell's Funeral Home at least twenty years before these pretenders were born. Their future lies in lounging about in ignorant squalor, waiting to be discovered by a Hollywood which itself has long been dead.

And on the island of Papua, where the picture ends, the aborigines, having seen airplanes land at Port Moresby, have retired to their hills and there built symbolic airstrips, with decoy planes and thatched control towers lighted by flaming torches. They believe that the airliners, commuting back and forth from Australia, are magic vessels sent to them by their ancestors, but trapped by the white man. By keeping tireless vigil—and abandoning their already precarious fight for survival—they hope one day to induce the great birds to swoop in and unload their heaven-sent wealth.

Then, in the body of the film, are the fat old widows being beaten into retread brides in a Vic Tanny gym-

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nasium, the penitent youths who drip blood from their self-lacerated thighs to mark the path of their Saviour, the fishing villages which in rage and terror give the arms and legs and lives of their young men and women to the sharks they hunt: rich Chinese will buy the fins as aphrodisiacs.

The pain and ugliness that result from an apparently universal human search for a short-cut to bliss could have made a subject; but a more systematic search for material would have been needed, and a more exacting editorial eye. And in the end, the result might not have been as galvanic as the present collection of bizarre burial practices, outlandish feasting customs, unfamiliar mating rites and repeated demonstrations of the fact that — except for the Anglo-Saxons and a very few other tribes— the human race is completely indifferent to the suffering of animals less calculating than itself. I know it is bad critical practice to demand that the material under review be something different from what it intends to be; I make an exception for *Mondo Cane*, though, because I cannot see that it intends to be anything but frivolously revolting.

MUSIC

Benjamin Boretz

When the New York Philharmonic's commissions for its first season at Lincoln Center were announced last year, it seemed evident from the "safety" of the list that the series was unlikely to produce any real creative discoveries. Its beginning, however, was surprisingly promising: amid the medicine shows of opening night. Aaron Copland's *Connotations* showed a composer still wrestling with notes in a serious attempt to make a contemporary musical statement. But soon after, William Schuman's Eighth Symphony returned things to normalcy by its literal repetition of familiar mannerisms that once, in works like *Judith* and *Undertow*, seemed portents of originality. Still, these can be recognized as Schubert's own, whereas Samuel Barber's *Andromache's Farewell*, the most recent work in the series (premièred April 4 under Thomas Schippers) is quite indistinguishable, whether as itself, as Barber, or even as representing any particular quality of musical sound.

Outwardly, *Andromache* is a setting, for female voice (Matrina Arroyo in the Philharmonic performance) and orchestra, of a passage from Euripides. Actually, the passage only cues a general musical dramatism that "mickey-mouses" the text, and in which the pretense of unification by a single "motive" is a caricature of organization; the choices of notes, high or low points, dynamics, rhythm, tempo, harmonies, seem unmotivated in either musical or "dramatic" terms. In fact, the frequent echoes of early twentieth-century "modern music," which are the most notable aspects of the piece—Strauss's *Elektra*, Stravinsky's *Sacre*, etc. — sharply underline this, for they appear here still undigested and uncomprehended.

Benjamin Britten's Variations on a Theme by Frank Bridge for string orchestra, which preceded the Barber work on Schippers' program, provided an interesting comparison because it suffers from many of the same faults, particularly the indifferent quality of the pitch choices. But although this is a work of Britten's youth, it still reveals his consummate professionalism and inventiveness, especially in the brilliant handling of string texture and sonority. Essentially, the Variations is a youthful conceit, revolving around a series of parodistic exaggerations of stylistic conventions, such as operatic intermezzos, Viennese waltzes, baroque dances, etc. Very few of the jokes really come off, partly because of a fundamental musical awkwardness, and partly because of a real confusion of purpose in the parodistic idea, which alternates between slapstick jibes and serious revaluative composition in Stravinsky's sense.

The extremely non-scintillating performance given by the Philharmonic strings to the rather simple Variations was another manifestation of the orchestra's prevalent sloppiness, an especially intolerable condition in the light of the potential excellence it reveals now and then in a really brilliant performance. One such was Bernstein's second attempt at *Connotations*: this was not only a remarkable demonstration of orchestral virtuosity but contained also moments of great subtlety and originality in the work's orchestration (especially the brass writing, and the swooping glissandos in the horns near the midpoint) that I simply could not hear on opening night (and which are equally absent from the recording). On the other hand, Bernstein's "big" approach, which emphasizes contrast and propulsive force, and which works well for a gesture-oriented work like *Connotations*, is equally applied to other music, frequently with disastrous results. In his recent recording of Beethoven's First Piano Concerto (with Bernstein as soloist and conductor) the exaggerations of the ranges of volume, texture and accentuation reach the point of caricature, and the relatively small-scaled form breaks into incoherence under such coarse and merciless pressure.

A diametrically opposed manner was, quite expectedly, taken by George Szell in his recent guest appearance with the Philharmonic. Where Bernstein tries to tear from every piece the same maximum momentum and contrast, Szell imposes a maximum of clarity in instrumental articulation and timbre, and on every detail, treating each as a discrete object. The disciplinary virtues of his approach were immediately evident in the sudden transparency and precision of the orchestra's playing, a startling reversal of their usual form. But Szell's clarifications are essentially instrumental rather than designed to clarify the continuous thread of a developing musical idea, so that chords are "bal-

Tree Angel

Sang the angel in the tree:
pain prises the heart.
See it stretch!
Narrow as the grave it was,
sang the leafy angel.

Fire in the marrow! sang
the angel in the tree,
pain pain on the inmost quick
another wave of it rises.

Pure pain held and taken
in the marrow the core the vein
sang the birdy angel.
To your height it has added a cubit.

Josephine Jacobsen

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anced" to insure equal audibility of all their components, rather than "weighted" according to their hierarchic relationships in the whole work.

Szell's all-Beethoven program on March 2 provided ideal conditions under which to hear the results of this approach, since it juxtaposed two works (the Second Symphony and the Fifth Piano Concerto) whose main thematic detail is superficially similar, but which trace quite different formal ideas. The Second Symphony's development hinges entirely on the initial half-step, which appears decisively at every crucial point, whereas the concerto explores a remarkably wide range of associations derived from the opening sequence of proclamatory chords which themselves are a striking compositional idea, translating the symphonic "introduction" into concerto terms. These are the unmistakable plot lines of these works, and it seems to me that an awareness of the paths of such ideas is a minimum requirement if music is to hold any interest for either performer or listener. Szell's performances mainly project similarities of detail, and hence, despite their virtuosity, offer practically nothing to listen to. Clifford Curzon's neat, featureless playing in the concerto did nothing to disturb the placidity.

Szell's orchestral concept is, of course, far more fully revealed in his performances with his regular Cleveland Orchestra, whose playing — especially that of the oboes, horns and other woodwinds — is unsurpassed for precision and timbral clarity. His superior command of the Cleveland Orchestra results, in their recent recordings of Beethoven's Sixth and Eighth Symphonies, in even more rigorous isolation of detail than he achieved with the Philharmonic. The Sixth suffers especially, since its multifold repetitions of the same figures are actually gradually expanding elements of articulations made over huge time spans; here they are neatly chopped up into incessant reiterations. Conversely, in the Brahms First Piano Concerto, recorded with Curzon and the London Symphony, the very length of the single "details" leads to a performance closer to the piece itself (and much of the unclarity is in Brahms's thought), but even here the obliteration of the distinctions, although delayed, finally asserts itself. This disintegrative tendency is still more serious in the Brahms Second Piano Concerto with Leon Fleisher as soloist; here the constant growth of ideas from one another is stifled by the neat partitions imposed by Szell and submitted to by Fleisher. (Incidentally, the potent musical results obtainable is a Brahms performance from the simple presence of a strong, formally oriented discipline—even without much originality—along with an orchestral skill nearly equal to Szell's, are beautifully demonstrated in Herbert Von Karajan's recording of the Third Symphony with the Vienna Philharmonic.)

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the peopled lawn, metastasis of need. . . .
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but adds.

Charles Farber

A completely different level of music-making is at once evident in Glenn Gould's recording of Mozart's C minor piano concerto, K. 491, with the CBC Orchestra under Walter Susskind. Despite the relative inferiority of the orchestra, the entire performance projects the concerto's unique sonorous idea, based on the predominance of woodwind sounds and a close-together interrelation of piano and orchestra (Gould's keen sense for the special *klangideal* of a work is also striking in his recording of parts of the Bach *Well-Tempered Clavier*, where his articulation and pedaling convert the piano into a quasi-clavichord). His Bach sense is ideal for probing into the Mozart as well, for the work is as profound and extensive an exploration of the entire range of associations that can be generated from a single idea (two notes, actually, first heard as the third and fourth notes of the opening melodic line, and later expanded to full sections side by side) as are Bach's *Art of Fugue* or *Musical Offering*. The performance, to be sure, is full of idiosyncratic oddities of phrasing and emphasis, but Gould's sense of playing from inside the music, and his enthusiastic delineation of subtle discoveries, as well as his transcendent mechanical equipment that devours intricacies, produce an imaginative and intelligent musical totality that is beyond even the conception of most of the single-minded virtuosos.

BACH: *Well-Tempered Clavier* (Preludes and Fugues 1-8, Book I). Glenn Gould, piano. Columbia ML 5808; MS 6408.

BEETHOVEN: Piano Concerto No. 1, op. 15. Leonard Bernstein, pianist-conductor. New York Philharmonic. Columbia ML 5807; MS 6407.

Symphony No. 6, op. 68. Cleveland Orch., George Szell, cond. Epic LC 3849; BC 1249 (S).

Symphony No. 8, op. 93. (With Schumann: Symphony No. 4.) Cleveland Orch., Szell, cond. Epic LC 3854; BC 1254 (S).

BRAHMS: Piano Concerto No. 1, op. 15. Clifford Curzon, piano; London Symphony, Szell, cond. London CM 9329; CS 6329.

Piano Concerto No. 2, op. 83. Leon Fleisher, piano. Cleveland Orch., Szell, cond. Epic LC 3853; BC 1253 (S).

Symphony No. 3, op. 90. Tragic Overture, op. 81. Vienna Philharmonic, Herbert Von Karajan, cond. London CM 9318; CS 6249.

COPLAND: *Connotations for Orchestra.* New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia L2S 1008.

MOZART: Piano Concerto No. 24, K. 491. Glenn Gould, piano. CBC Symphony, Walter Susskind, cond. (With Schoenberg: Piano Concerto, op. 42, Robert Craft, cond.) Columbia ML 5739; MS 6339.

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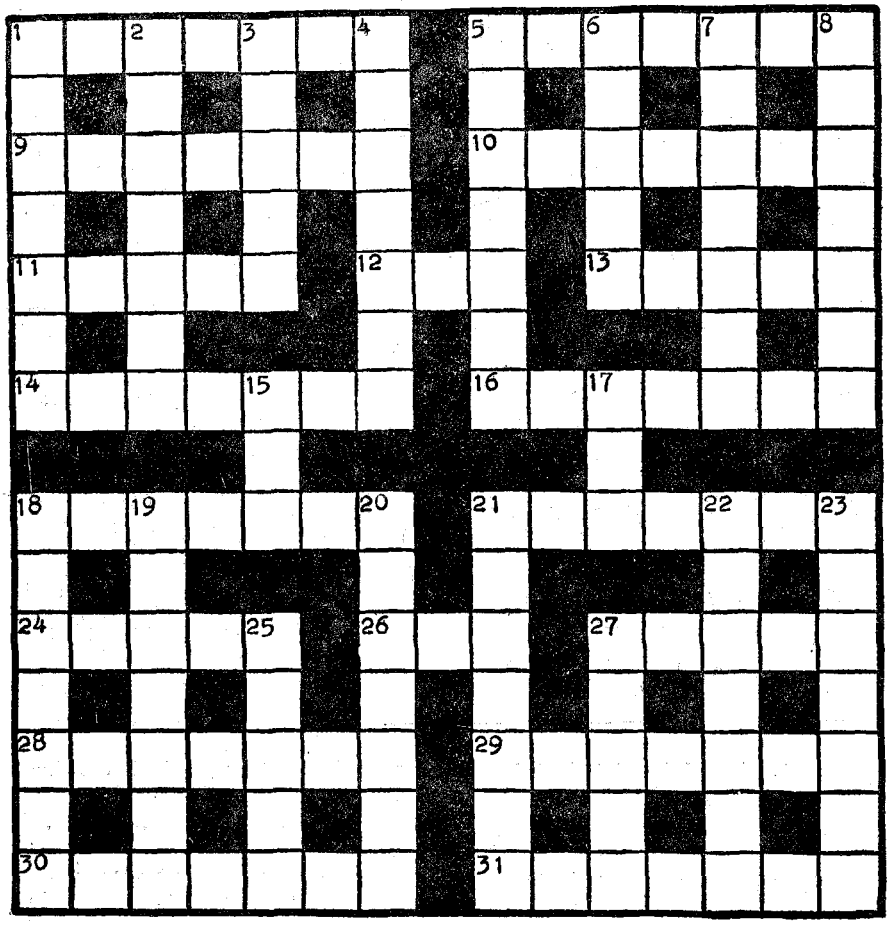
Crossword Puzzle No. 1007

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 What you might now be doing with fifty-six in the air at one time? (7)
5 It might cover up 15 and 17, perhaps. (7)
9 Not-so-old family wanted once out west. (7)
10 Does he wait for the king? (7)
11 and 12 It certainly shouldn't involve heavy drinking by all eight. (5, 3)
13 They shouldn't be described indoors. (5)
14 When do we dine without complaint? When this is given. (7)
16 Do they knot thread and rags? (7)
18 Is near at hand with mischievous objectives. (7)
21 Expand part of the courtroom or other small enclosure. (7)
24 Baby bird? (5)
26 and 25 down Conduct an anti-monarchy demonstration, with arrangements being made in advance. (8)
27 How a salesman may hope to find an opening for an adjustment on your car. (3-2)
28 What a 29 might do. (7)
29 He puts things into circulation. (True or false?) (7)
30 With hair like upside-down cake? (7)
31 Weasled out, because of the cold weather? (7)

DOWN:

1 Cerulean, by Luke's version. (3, 4)
2 Glued on and stuck around without much purpose? (7)
3 Bar you might have got in with little difficulty. (5)
4 The one of war was withered in "Antony and Cleopatra." (7)
5 Such authority is almost without blemish. (7)
6 Was one of Burns' scratchings dedicated to it? (5)
7 The up track? Hop on it, perhaps, and it may help you to get somewhere. (7)
8 Proving even Bacchus had to have a staff. (7)
15 and 17 A rather sickly youngster might call for help! (4-2)
18 Look over what might be a nuisance, and you'll find one soft-hearted. (7)
19 Put forward as something other than a subject for amateur photography, certainly! (7)
20 Send around, but if it's bad, be opposite to the answer. (7)
21 Make something anti-Fascist? Certainly not! (7)
22 Where stenographers used to put chewing gum in an emergency, to more than go the limit! (7)
23 Proving one can have relations only with an indulgent radical. (7)
27 Northern pole, perhaps. (5)

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***From* JAMES BALDWIN'S *Envoi:* "HUAC is one of the most sinister facts of the national life. It is not merely that we do not need this committee; the truth is, we cannot afford it."**

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